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AUGUST 1950

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BRITANNIA and EVE

VOL. 41 No. 2 AUGUST, 1950

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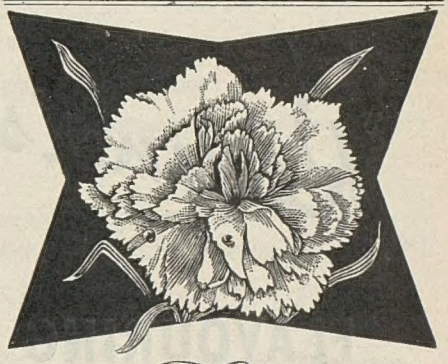

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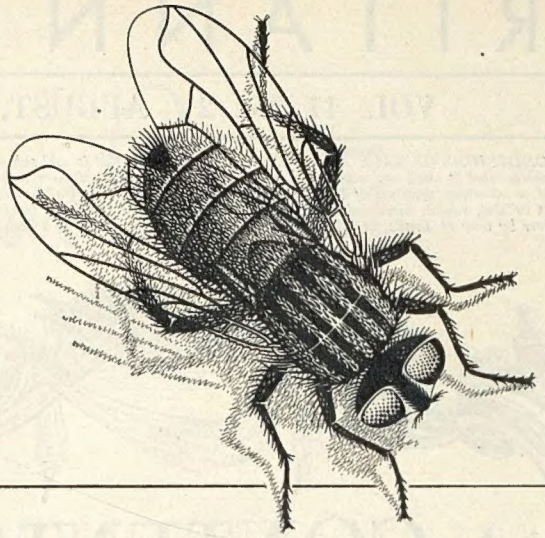

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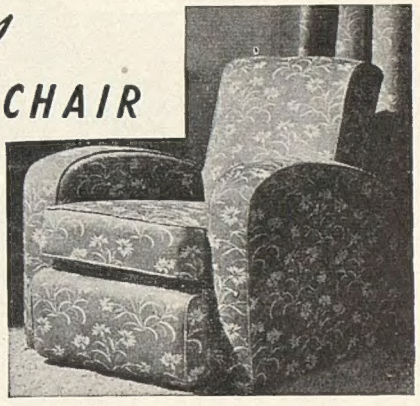

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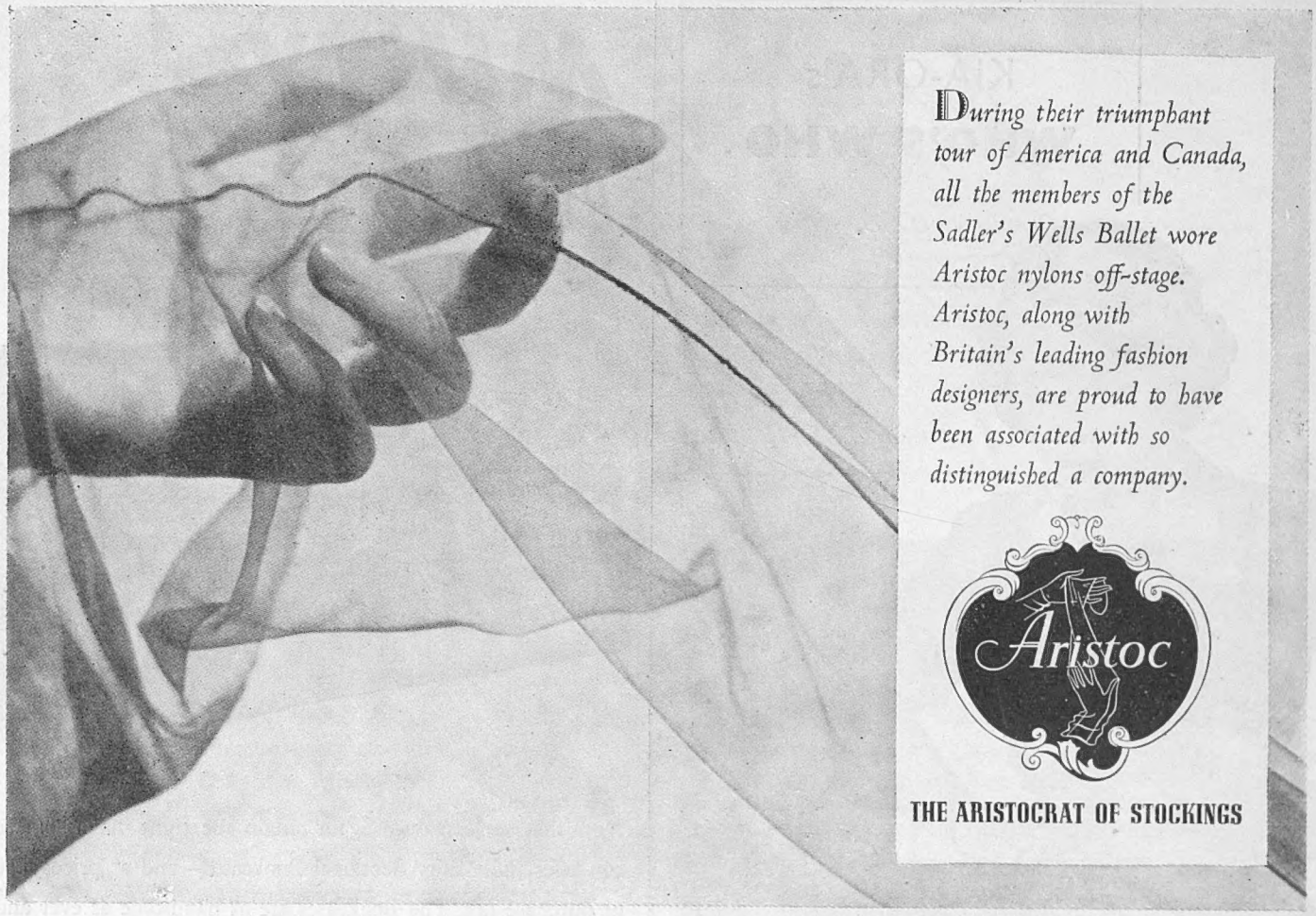

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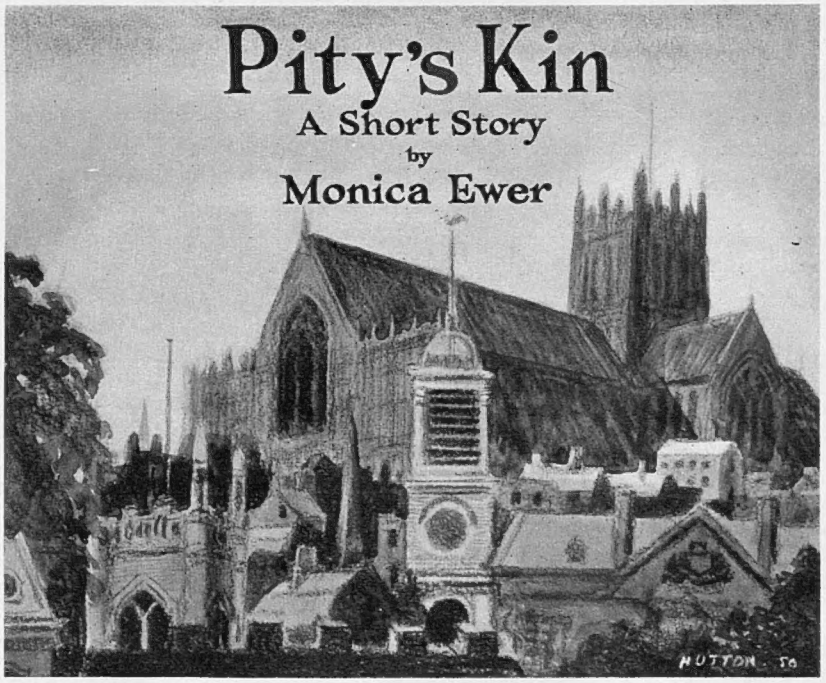
Her eyes lingered on the stonework. "I used to love all this—until I had it right in my own back garden"

Pity's Kin

A Short Story

by

Monica Ewer



IN this town, where everyone knew everyone else, there would be no privacy at the station. So after a pretence at breakfast Paul drew her into the sitting-room and closed the door firmly. He looked bulky in the new suit, which hadn't yet settled into the lines of his powerful body. It made him seem unfamiliar.

"Let's say good-bye here." He was an undemonstrative man, whose tide of feeling ran strong and secret. Now he closed his hand over hers, crushingly, so that her wedding ring dug into her fingers. "A month isn't long, Christine," he said. In a year of marriage she had learnt when to hold her tongue. She did not say that for him a month in a strange country, discussing the work he loved so passionately, would pass soon enough. For her, when he had gone, there would be nothing but a mechanical round of duties.

"I'll be all right, Paul."

He touched her cheek gently. "I got myself a good wife for my seven-and-six."

When he took her in his arms it was as if she could feel his strength running through her veins. His lips on hers were a promise of security. "The world well lost" was, after all, a phrase that had some meaning. For love of Paul Winterton she had lost her world—her own small, gay, exciting world—but she had not repented of her bargain. When you married a man you had to marry his way of life. She accepted that and told herself that adjustment would follow. You couldn't expect it to be easy. These things took time. Still, if love could move mountains, it wasn't much to ask it to reconcile her to the cathedral town of Fenny Fairford.

A taxi stopped outside. They nodded. He patted his pockets—passport, traveller's cheques, money. In the hall he picked up his suitcase and his overcoat. Millie, smiling regretfully, was there before him, holding the front door open. Cook was waving from the kitchen window. No one said anything. Paul smiled and waved. Everything was said.

Walking back alone from the station Christine thought blankly that the month before her would be exceptionally grim. It was one thing to do her job as Paul Winterton's wife, in the unity of marriage, in the warmth of Paul's affection and approval: it was another thing to do it in isolation. On her way she had to pass through the main shopping street, had to answer all sorts of polite enquiries, refuse half-a-dozen invitations to morning coffee, and meeting her mother-in-law, had to help her choose a cretonne for her new loose covers.

As Christine turned at last into the Cathedral Close, she wondered if she would ever grow to love this town. Paul, who had been born here, never gave it a critical thought.

"Town's all right," he said, when one day she asked his opinion. "Very much all right." He pointed across to the cold glory of Gothic that dominated their world. "Why, you and I were married in Old Dec and Perp!"

There were times when she was even impatient with their picturesque, sixteenth-century house. Described in the guide-books as "Formerly the residence of one Peter Lovell, 'choragus' to the Cathedral, 1530-1547." The fellow had left them a legacy of Tudor draughts, Tudor beams, Tudor damp, diamond-paned bottle-glass windows, and break-neck steps down dark passages.

Occasionally she felt as if she had been trapped. When she had first met Paul Winterton he was working at a famous eye hospital and she was a student at London University. They had each been

living care-free in hideous digs, they had plenty of friends of their own age and sort, and had been part of the exciting life of London. They had no money, but they had fun, and they talked the sun down setting the world to rights. They were the contemporary scene. They were the rising generation of the atom age, and they felt important. Now they were tucked away in a backwater, where even the climate was relaxing, and where retired couples with small incomes settled to end their days in quiet.

Two weeks passed, filled with the local activities that Mrs. Winterton, Senr., thought were Christine's duty. " Paul's wife must do her bit, my dear." Slow-passing time. Christine had always been busy, but in her student days it had been about things that interested her, things that were part of her personality. Now it seemed that she was merely busy about other people's affairs. Rebellion stirred. With Paul away the effort at adjustment seemed pointless.

A ring one morning at the front door set Christine wondering who it could be at such an hour. It was too early for callers and all Paul's patients knew that he was abroad. She heard Millie talking to someone in the hall.

" If you 'll wait here, Sir, I 'll speak to Mrs. Winterton."

Must be a patient, and there were no flowers in the waiting-room and the magazines were not laid out in rows. Why hadn't Millie just told him that Paul would not be back for two weeks ?

" Beg pardon, Madam, but the gentleman has come all the way from London to see Mr. Winterton and would like a word with you."

When Christine opened the door of the waiting-room he was sitting with his back to her, but when he got up there was something vaguely familiar in the dark face and the long, loose figure.

" I 'm sorry to bother you, Mrs. Winterton, but the oculist in London gave me your husband's name. He said that he had written him and——" He stopped and looked at her more attentively. " I say—it's not a gag—but haven't we met before ? "

She nodded. " I 've been trying to remember where it was."

" London. My home town."

" Might be. Some University function, perhaps."

" No—no. I 've got it. Someone's birthday party. Sid Carwell organised us all to the ballet."

" That 's right. We saw ' The Sleeping Princess.' "

She remembered that night now, as if it had been in another life, another world. Paul hadn't been able to come and they had partnered her with a lively young biologist called Sandy. He had sat next her and held her attention. They had all been very gay and excited. Afterwards they had gone to someone's rooms and talked and talked. This dark-eyed man had been there. He was a newspaperman. He 'd talked well, she remembered, and in the end Sandy had seen her home.

" And afterwards we all argued about immortality." He gave a gusty sigh. " Good Lord ! Were we really that young ? "

They both laughed. " It 's only a year ago."

" Feels like another life." The smile left his face. " You can change a lot in a year." He looked at her again. " I 've forgotten your name."

" Christine. I 'm married now," she added unnecessarily.

She wore a white frock to the dance, a billowing frock of net, with a shimmer of sequins

" Mine 's Barry Mercer. Perhaps the maid told you ? "

" No." She gave a shiver. " Genuine Tudor damp in here," she said. " Let 's go into the sitting-room and have a cup of coffee. I 'm sorry Paul 's away. He 's in Cairo at a conference of ophthalmic surgeons. He 'll be back in two weeks. I hope it 's nothing serious about your eyes."

" It can wait."

It seemed easy and natural to talk to Barry Mercer. They had many friends in common. It brought back the old life almost too vividly for comfort. It was better to let it fade and then forget. One might exaggerate its importance. One had to remember that it had been pleasant rather than spectacular.

" You like it here ? "

She evaded the question. " Beautiful town, isn't it ? "

" Yes, but not my cup of tea—and I shouldn't have thought that it was yours, either."

" Why ? "

" As I remembered—you talked a lot." She laughed. " That 's just what I remember about you ! "

" And can people talk in this place—the way you and I talked ? "

" We used to talk nonsense. Adolescent stuff. We let off a lot of hot air in those days."

" Very salutary."

Maybe there was something in that. Compressed hot air would drive a steam engine or create an explosion. She had been bottled up since she came to Fenny Fairford. Not that she didn't talk to Paul.

She talked to him about everything else under the sun. Only you must never tell your husband what you really think of his family or his home-town.

When she turned she was conscious that he had been watching her attentively. "I like the way you wear your beauty," he said casually. "Did I meet him—your husband?"

"No. He couldn't come that night."

"He must be quite someone if you can take this museum town as your marriage portion."

The ladies of Fenny Fairford would think this a very curious conversation.

She swayed a little where she stood so that her body seemed blown by the vibration of the peal. The noise tore at her restraint, clawed curiously at her hidden heart.

"I can stand it," she said, but her lips trembled.

The bells did not sound so loud now: after the first impact the ear accepted it and gave the illusion that it had moved off a little, that it had a dying fall.

He came and stood beside her, looking angrily into her face. "You're lying. You know you hate it." His dark eyes willed her to agree. There was strength here, too, but it was not protective: it was wild and self-willed.

"I hate it," she said, like one mesmerised.

"You hate it!" he echoed triumphantly.

"Yes—yes!" The words tumbled impetuously. Here was an audience that didn't matter, an audience that this afternoon would take a train and disappear in London's millions. "It isn't a town—it's something on a picture postcard—a name in the guide-books, a thing preserved, static, so old that it must never be altered, so sacred that it must be worshipped. Not important, of course. No trippers in char-a-bancs to bring a breath of reality. Just famous enough for the antiquarian in his private car—dim people, pale-blooded—a town of people creating for themselves endless activities—there must be more civic good done per square yard in this town than anywhere else in England. I hate it—I hate it—it's death in life!"

She stopped suddenly, but it seemed to her that her angry voice still quivered round the room, that it hit the great oak beams and was echoed into all the corners; that it beat against the diamond panes that would not let it out; that it went whistling round the gaps in the wide oak floorboards and came back to her as the voice of treachery.

Paul made no move; just sat there, his head down, his eyes on the carpet, and Christine had no means of guessing how he felt

A word often changes its significance according to where and by whom it is spoken.

"This town is a morgue," he said.

"It suits me." She spoke quickly, nervously. You couldn't tell an outsider that if you loved a man enough you were willing to accept everything.

"Nonsense."

He took a step nearer, gesticulating in argument, opening his mouth to speak, when his words were drowned in the peal of cathedral bells. They sounded deafening, accusing, militant. Their voice was of the old, wrathful gods.

He put his hands to his ears to shut out the clamour. "No—no!" he shouted. "No one could stand it!"

The blood had left her face and she groped for a chair. He was surprised at how much emotion there was behind her outburst.

"Take it easy, darling."

She had forgotten that everyone in London was "darling" to everyone else. She put the back of her hand to her forehead in bewilderment. She wondered how much else she had forgotten.

"I'm sorry," she said softly. "I'm terribly sorry. I shouldn't have said any of that. Please forget it."

"Better out of the system."

"Yes." She had herself in hand now. She smiled uncertainly. "And, after all, it doesn't matter, telling you."

(*Continued on page* 58)

Tangier, the free city, is a Mecca for the tourist. The white buildings in the background are in the European section of the city

Sixty Miles From Gibraltar

By Harry J. Greenwall

GEOGRAPHICALLY speaking, it is a long way from Shanghai to Tangier but now that Shanghai has passed into the hands of the Chinese Communists and never again will we be able to rest shoe leather on the brass rail of the bar in the British Club ("the longest bar in the world"), Tangier is to the globe-trotter the world's last port of call where he can do absolutely what he likes.

At the western entry to the Mediterranean are what were known as the Pillars of Hercules; one in Europe approximately where the Rock of Gibraltar is; the other, sixty miles across the sea : Tangier.

Regard this curious place. Once it belonged to England. In 1662 when the Portuguese Princess Catherine of Braganza married Charles II she brought him Tangier and Bombay in her dowry; twenty-two years later we tossed Tangier back to the Moors. To-day Tangier is 225 square miles of No Man's Land, theoretically internationalised. The Treaty of Algeciras gave Germany a seat on the Council, but the Treaty of Versailles put her out. In 1923 when there was war in the Riffi, the hinterland of Tangier, there was a conference in Paris to consider the future of the African Pillar of Hercules. In 1925 a Statute of Tangier was drawn up which was supposed to govern Tangier until 1948. Maybe if there had been no war in 1939 it would have done so, but during the war General Franco seized Tangier and

Only in Tangier are all the currencies of the world bought and sold at their real values. A clerk of the Bourse, which has its home in a cinema, chalks up the latest exchange rates

A busy shopping street in Tangier, where the bazaars are full of goods

wanted to attack the other Pillar, at Gibraltar, but lacked the courage. Here I think I might interpose a scrap of hitherto unwritten history.

The British airfield at Gib was very awkwardly placed; it was impossible for Allied airmen to take off without flying a little over Spanish territory at La Linea, back of Gibraltar. The Spanish authorities invariably fired on British planes at this spot.

Also, the Germans rented a house on the edge of La Linea which gave them an uninterrupted view of all sea and air traffic in and out of Gib.

When the Allies were hard pressed at Cassino, naval vessels went into action and held back the Germans. One of the ships engaged was the U.S. cruiser *Trenton* which had some of her armour damaged.

Trenton put into Gib for repairs and there (*Continued on page* 66)

The Old Bailey

The Central Criminal Court Is One Of The Largest And Most Palatial Courts Of Justice In The World

By Peter Leighton

The bronze statue of Justice which surmounts the dome at the Old Bailey

SOME weeks ago, when I was showing an eminent Latin-American lawyer round the Old Bailey, my friend was startled to see the judge being presented with a little bouquet of flowers on entering the court. It took me quite a lot of explaining because this little ceremony goes back into the dim past, when on the site where to-day stands the Central Criminal Court was the grim, notorious Newgate Prison.

It was on February 27, 1907, that King Edward VII, wearing the resplendent scarlet and gold uniform of a field marshal drove in state from Buckingham Palace to Newgate Street in the City of London to open the new court. During nearly half a century the Old Bailey, as the Central Criminal Court is popularly if incorrectly known all over the world, has represented the finest tangible evidence of British justice in operation. Its magnificence has wiped out the smeared history of our courts and prisons which existed for the correction or incarceration of the felon for close on a thousand years.

The history of Newgate, especially, is a saga of cruelty and corruption which to modern eyes and ears seems unbelievable. The Romans built their most important gate into Londinium on the site where Old Bailey now stands. The conquerors' practice was to make the guards of the gate-house the prison warders as well, and Newgate was soon crowded with wretches captured wandering about the marshy areas beyond the gates after nightfall. The centuries passed, but the grim tradition of Newgate remained. By the end of the twelfth century the most notorious criminals of Middlesex were imprisoned there. By the seventeenth century extremes of licence and restriction flourished side by side. Manacles and heavy chains were clapped on all comers until a fee had been arranged with their warders for their removal.

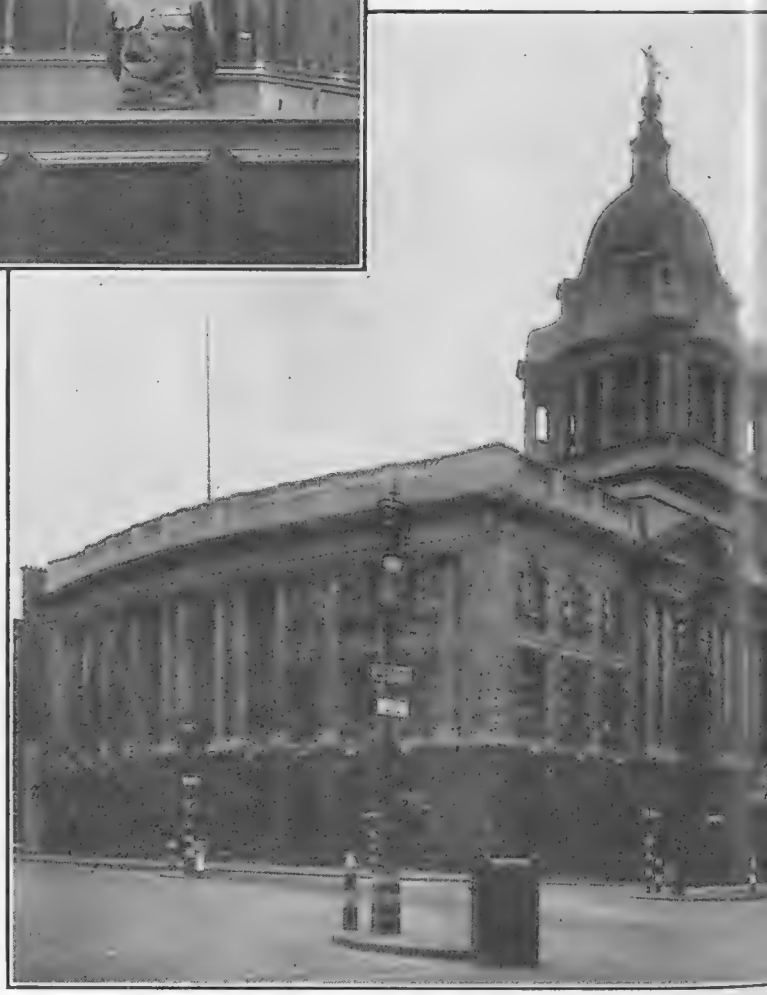
Where many notorious prisoners have taken their sentence. The prisoner's dock in No. 1 Court at the Old Bailey

Drinking cellars were available for the prisoners who could pay the price. A list still kept in the official records gives the prices charged : wine was two silver shillings a bottle; "strong drink" fourpence a quart; and brandy threepence a quartern. The list also shows that comforts were dispensed to those with the necessary cash. A candle cost a silver penny, a proper bedstead with blankets 3s. 6d. a week, and coal could be had for 1s. 6d. a bucket.

Ruffians and martyrs ended their days there. Dick Turpin, Jack Sheppard and Claude Duval knew its icy cells in winter and its suffocating atmosphere in summer; so did Daniel Defoe, author of *Robinson Crusoe*, thrown in 1702 into prison for his famous pamphlet "The Shortest Way with the Dissenters." Lord Chief Justice Wright, who sat over many trials in this building, died in a Newgate cell, imprisoned for subversion in 1688.

Proper trials rarely took place more often than twice a year two hundred years ago, and the congestion in Newgate Prison was indescribable. Men and women were herded together in "common cells." Many of the prisoners were demented. "The Sykness which many Tymes vysyted the Theeffes and Malefactors," as a contemporary historian described it, was highly contagious, and the dangers of duty at Newgate were as real from disease as they were from violent assaults from the half savage, fear-crazed inmates. "Jail Fever"—probably typhoid—killed the Lord Mayor of London in 1750, after he had presided over a court session. And this brings me to the story of the little nosegays, which are still presented to all judges sitting at Old Bailey. They are sad relics of the Newgate cesspool of human misery. The judges, exposed to the terrible, foetid atmosphere which pervaded the whole building, used to sniff from time to time at the small nosegays of field flowers. . . .

Pity was the rarest sentiment housed in the breasts of authority or public. Dr. Johnson summed up the popular



(*On right*) A view of the famous Central Criminal Court, the Old Bailey. Built at a cost of more than £500,000, the courts were opened on February 27, 1907 by King Edward VII

opinion when he told Boswell: "Executions are intended to draw spectators; if they do not draw spectators, they do not answer their purpose." Newgate was the greatest show London could provide—particularly as an appetizer for the Tyburn executions; and up to 1860 admission was charged for the gallery seats of the court!

WITH the opening of Old Bailey in 1907, the final traces of that sordid past were erased. The new building became an awe-inspiring temple for the wrongdoer, but in its majestic, oak panelled courts, he could rely on justice tempered with mercy. From the grille of his prison van he might catch a glimpse of the bronze statue of Justice, towering 200 feet above the hurrying City crowds—and near to it the great dome of St. Paul's, the two tokens of Britain's way of life.

It cost more than £500,000 to erect the new building at the beginning of this century. It is one of the largest and most palatial courts of justice in the world. Even at to-day's standards it has one of the finest ventilating systems, which cost £55,000 to install. The courts are constantly supplied with fresh air and there is no need for the judges sniffing at their nosegays. The great marble hall with the life-size statues of the Kings of England is more splendid than the central hall of the Houses of Parliament. The prison cells "down below" in the cellars of Old Bailey are merely temporary detention places, white-tiled, clean and well ventilated. They serve only for the accommodation of the prisoner during his trial.

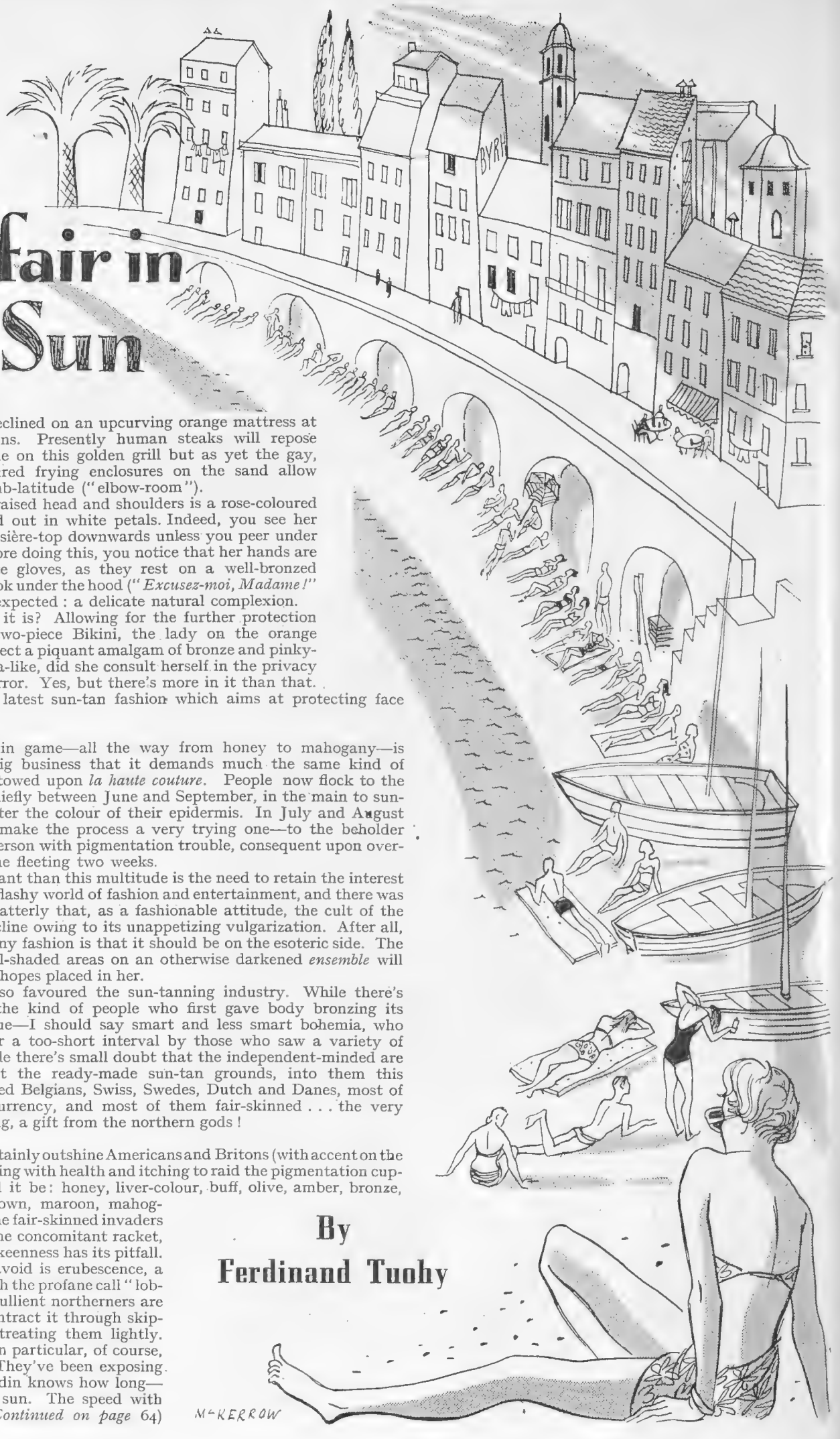
Murder trials bring the most limelight on the Central Criminal Court, and from this has sprung the belief that it somehow "specializes" in trials of capital offences. In point of fact, it is the Central Criminal Court for Greater London, and apart from murder, trials for treason, felony and misdemeanour other than those dealt with by the Quarter Sessions take place there.

There are twelve sessions each year. The four courts are presided over by the visiting judges of the High Court, the "Red Judges," because they wear scarlet robes when sitting at Old Bailey trials, the Recorder of the City of London, the Common Serjeant, and the Commissioner. By tradition the Lord Mayor of London is still the highest judiciary of the Central Criminal Court. But he is always represented by a deputy, the Recorder, whilst all important trials, especially for murder, are presided over by one of the learned High Court judges. The sessions are opened with due ceremony. The Lord Mayor, accompanied by the Sword Bearer, the Mace Bearer, the City Marshal, the Aldermen, the Recorder and the High Sheriffs, all in resplendent raiments, escort the judge to his seat.

This seat is not in the centre. This is reserved for the Lord Mayor, and it remains empty at trials over which a Red Judge sits. The jury of "twelve good and just men"—and nowadays also women—is seated in a special enclosure to the right of the judge, who faces the prisoner in the dock. (*Continued on page* 68)

A view of the magnificent Main Hall of the Central Criminal Court, looking towards Court No. 2. The decorative murals seen in the centre of the picture were painted by Sir William Richmond, R.A.

All's fair in the Sun



THE lady reclined on an upcurving orange mattress at Juan-les-Pins. Presently human steaks will repose side by side on this golden grill but as yet the gay, multi-coloured frying enclosures on the sand allow of considerable limb-latitude ("elbow-room").

Above her half-raised head and shoulders is a rose-coloured pram hood, picked out in white petals. Indeed, you see her only from the brassière-top downwards unless you peer under the hood. But before doing this, you notice that her hands are protected by white gloves, as they rest on a well-bronzed body. You then look under the hood (*"Excusez-moi, Madame!"* to find what you expected : a delicate natural complexion.

So you see how it is? Allowing for the further protection afforded by her two-piece Bikini, the lady on the orange mattress would reflect a piquant amalgam of bronze and pinky-white, not un-zebra-like, did she consult herself in the privacy of a full-length mirror. Yes, but there's more in it than that. She is also in the latest sun-tan fashion which aims at protecting face and hands.

THE Riviera skin game—all the way from honey to mahogany—is become such big business that it demands much the same kind of attention as is bestowed upon *la haute couture*. People now flock to the South of France chiefly between June and September, in the main to sun-sea-laze as they alter the colour of their epidermis. In July and August holidays-with-pay make the process a very trying one—to the beholder as well as for the person with pigmentation trouble, consequent upon over-exposure during the fleeting two weeks.

Far more important than this multitude is the need to retain the interest and custom of the flashy world of fashion and entertainment, and there was a fearful thought latterly that, as a fashionable attitude, the cult of the sun was on the decline owing to its unappetizing vulgarization. After all, the main prop of any fashion is that it should be on the esoteric side. The girl with the pastel-shaded areas on an otherwise darkened *ensemble* will be that; hence the hopes placed in her.

But luck has also favoured the sun-tanning industry. While there's little doubt that the kind of people who first gave body bronzing its contemporary vogue—I should say smart and less smart bohemia, who were followed after a too-short interval by those who saw a variety of pickings in it—while there's small doubt that the independent-minded are looking askance at the ready-made sun-tan grounds, into them this summer have poured Belgians, Swiss, Swedes, Dutch and Danes, most of them with hard currency, and most of them fair-skinned . . . the very stuff for sun-tanning, a gift from the northern gods !

THE four first certainly outshine Americans and Britons (with accent on the "shine"). Bursting with health and itching to raid the pigmentation cupboard—which shall it be: honey, liver-colour, buff, olive, amber, bronze, *café-au-lait*, nut-brown, maroon, mahogany, chocolate?—the fair-skinned invaders are able to stand the concomitant racket, though their very keenness has its pitfall. The one thing to avoid is erubescence, a ruddy mistake which the profane call "lobster," and these ebullient northerners are all too prone to contract it through skipping the rules or treating them lightly.

For the Swedes in particular, of course, it's nothing new. They've been exposing themselves since Odin knows how long—yet in a northern sun. The speed with which the skin (*Continued on page* 64)

By Ferdinand Tuohy

Any Other Business?

How A Widow's Wile Made A Plotter The Victim Of His Own Plot

By Laurence Meynell

"LUMPY," was in the tap room all the evening trying to figure out wot it was that Tiger 'ad got and 'e 'adn't where women was concerned

WIDOWS, said Herbert Wilshaw, knocking his pipe out in a reflective way, I've known 'em do some funny things. Take Martha Emmett for instance. 'Er as used to keep the Black Boy at Upper Tinley time I was odd job man in the village and looked after the cricket ground and such. Did you ever 'ear 'ow she came to be married the second time?

Rum go, blest if it weren't. Rum go *anyone* wanting to be married a second time—or a first, if you arsk me. Still there it is; we're all human, aren't we? Though you might not think it to look at some of the faces you see in the buses; and human beings will be up to their little tricks, won't they?

This Martha Emmett was a stout party going about fourteen stone, I should guess, and very determined. She always gave out as 'er first husband died of overwork; and I often used to think that it would be pretty hard work being married to her, never mind do anything else.

When Emmett died Martha kept on the licence of the Black Boy having a fondness for public 'ouse life; and it wasn't long before she was casting 'er eyes round looking for a second. Looking for number two in the batting order, as you might say.

Of course quite a lot of visitors from outside came to the Black Boy during the summer. Charas and such like; and in the tap room it was about four to one on 'er picking a foreigner. This used to send "Lumpy" Stockton pretty near barmy as 'e never did 'old with outsiders anyway; and 'e always 'ad a hope that 'e might find favour 'imself.

But women's minds, wot there is of them, work very contrariwise; and blow me if after a bit Widow Emmett 'adn't set 'er 'eart on "Tiger" Smailes.

Tiger lived all by himself in a two-up and two-down and everything-you-want-outside little place right at one end of the village. The last 'ouse in Tinley it was and about the barest I should say.

Smailes was a getting-on-ish sort of age, somewhere over fifty anyway; and he was called Tiger because he was just about the most milk-and-water little man you ever saw.

'E was understood to have some sort of a pension or other; leastways 'e never did any work except a bit of digging in his garden, and when 'e was indoors 'e was forever reading.

Books? You couldn't get into the room for them. 'E must 'ave 'ad a dozen at least.

Well, as I say, Widow Emmett's choice fell on Tiger. It's my belief the 'uman mind can persuade itself of anything it wants to; and Martha Emmett's mind persuaded itself as the man she wanted for a second go was Tiger Smailes.

I don't suppose she ever said so in so many words (tho' I wouldn't put any brazenness past a woman when she's after a man) but somehow quite a lot of people came to realize it; and the betting in the tap room changed from four to one on a foreigner to even money about Tiger.

Lumpy Stockton used to take on alarming whenever this was mentioned, as if there was one person in the village 'e couldn't stand it was little Tiger Smailes.

It's only fair to say as there probably wasn't a single person in the place as could stand Lumpy. 'E was the artfullest, craftiest, slipperiest customer as ever dug an allotment. As cunning as an indoor rat was Lumpy.

Too cunning, as it turned out; but that's what the story's about.

The funny thing was that although quite a lot of people in the village 'ad a pretty good idea as Widow Emmett was setting the trap for Tiger, Tiger 'imself didn't seem to know nothing about it.

In a way it wasn't so strange, tho'; because 'e 'ardly ever came into the Boy, not wanting to spend the money.

Money? Well, we all like it, I suppose; but it was more than just "like" with Tiger. 'E used to 'ave a good long look at a threepenny bit before deciding not to spend it; and if ever 'e 'ad to change a pound note it nearly gave 'im a 'eart attack.

On account of 'aving nothing to do all day Tiger was made secretary of the Tinley Cricket Club which is 'ow I came to be mixed up with 'im a bit.

Tinley has always had a good side and usually manages to run out towards the top of the League, and we all agreed as Tiger looked after the business side of it uncommon well.

It wasn't a paid job, of course; but Tiger had the sort of hands as money sticks to; and it's my belief that he wasn't out of pocket time the end of the season came. There's such a thing as delivering letters by hand and charging the postage: or walking into Westcombe and putting the bus fare on the exes account and so on.

Still 'e did the job very well and nobody grumbled.

Widow Emmett, 'oo didn't know a no-ball from a leg-bye, used to come up to the ground every home game just for the sake of sitting next to Tiger and getting in conversation with 'im. Lumpy Stockton was always playing (he bowled crafty slow ones with an occasional bumper on the off chance of knocking the batsman out), and he used to fool 'isself as she came to watch 'im.

At the beginning of last season we 'ad the Salter Challenge Cup presented to the club. A whacking great silver thing given by a Major Salter as used to live in the village and probably wanted to show us 'ow glad 'e was to get out of it.

Seventy-five pounds the cup was worth; and, as secretary, Tiger had the keeping of it.

"First thing you do," the committee told him, "is to insure it. Baker's office in Westcombe is the place. Once it's insured there's no worry."

So off goes Tiger next afternoon to Westcombe, walking all the way and charging the bus fare up in the exes account as per usual.

"One guinea the premium will be for a year. All risks," young Copley in the insurance office told him.

"All risks? Everything?"

"Everything. Theft; fire; accidental loss; lightning; flood; tempest; earthquake."

Tiger nodded very solemn as tho' 'e was expecting an earthquake to start any moment in the middle of Westcombe High Street. "I'll think it over," he said.

'E did think it over. All the way back to Tinley. And wot he thought mostly was that a guinea, twenty-one shillings, was a lot of money.

Lightning, flood, tempest and earthquake, he reckoned he need hardly worry about. 'E 'adn't 'ad a fire yet, and human-like didn't think 'e was likely to. Accidental loss was plain silly, no man was going accidentally to lose a whacking great silver cup. So all that was left was theft. And 'e wasn't much afraid of that, Tinley being a law-abiding place, and people 'aving a bit of sense and only stealing things as couldn't be identified anyway.

So time Tiger was back at 'is cottage 'e 'ad made up 'is mind.

Be 'is own insurance agent. That was the idea. And save a guinea. Or rather make a guinea; because the figure would go down in the accounts and the twenty-one bob into Tiger's pocket.

"BARMY, am I?" says Lumpy, "well wot's this?" and with that 'e whips out the parcel from under 'is seat and begins to unwrap it

Tiger was so pleased with this scheme that he actually looked in at the Boy that evening and stood 'imself 'arf a pint of mild. Mrs. Emmett stood 'im another, so wot with one thing and another 'e 'ad a night out; and Lumpy Stockton, who was in the tap room all the evening nearly went mad trying to figure out wot it was that Tiger 'ad got and 'e 'adn't where women was concerned.

In the course of trying to solve this problem 'e drank eight pints of bitter and 'ad a very thick 'ead next morning.

So thick that 'e didn't do 'is racing pools that week, which was a pity because that was the week Martha Emmett won twenty-seven pounds odd and if she 'ad 'ad one more point she would have shared in the first prize which was nearly three hundred.

That made Lumpy more anxious to marry 'er than ever. If ever a man 'ad betting on the brain it was Lumpy; any sort of betting: 'orses, football, dogs, it was all the same as long as it was a bet; and the fact that Martha Emmett 'ad shared a second prize with about one hundred and sixty-three other

people made 'im sure she was a remarkable woman. 'E got a regular nuisance; and if it 'adn't been that trade was slack and Lumpy one of 'er best customers Martha would have forbidden him the 'ouse.

The annual general meeting of the Tinley Cricket Club is always 'eld in the middle of the summer after the game with Oldlees; and a fortnight before that event Lumpy was all alone in the tap room early one evening when 'oo should come in but young Copley from the insurance office 'oo was doing a round on 'is bike.

Lumpy knew him to nod to, but 'ardly saw 'im from one year's end to another, Tinley chaps not getting into Westcombe much on account of not liking the beer there.

Lumpy waited a minute or two to see if there was any chance of young Copley being

soft enough to stand 'im a pint; and then, as that didn't seem to be going to 'appen, 'e said, just to make conversation like:

"'Ope you've got our silver cup insured o.k.?"

Young Copley looked a bit surprised, and said: "No. That little chap looked in about it one day; but it never came to anything."

"You mean to say as Tiger 'asn't insured it?"

"Not with us. I expect he decided to insure it himself. Lots of people are silly enough to do that."

Lumpy was so excited at hearing this that 'e very nearly stood Copley a small shandy which was wot 'e was drinking, tho' why anybody should want to dilute beer more than it is already these days I can't imagine.

Luckily, however, young Copley was in a hurry to get on with 'is biking so 'e just nodded good evening to Lumpy and Mrs. Emmett and went out.

Martha Emmett 'ad caught Tiger's name in their conversation, and she was all agog to know why Lumpy suddenly looked so interested-like.

Martha was one of those women 'oo disbelieve what a man says before the poor perisher 'as even said it; and where her much-wanted Tiger was concerned she didn't trust Lumpy one third of an inch.

She 'adn't time to get in any artful questioning, however, before "Sailor" Wingrove came breezing in.

Sailor and Lumpy were cronies together; and at that moment there wasn't another man in the 'ole of Tinley Lumpy would rather have seen.

In fact 'e was so pleased that 'e actually stood Sailor a drink without any fumbling which shows wot a 'ighly excited state 'e was in; and as soon as Mrs. Emmett 'ad drawn the beer Lumpy jerked his head towards a table against the far wall and said mysteriously: "Come and sit down, Sailor; there's something I want to talk to you about."

There wasn't anybody else in the tap room, and as they moved over to the table by the wall Martha Emmett called out: "Lumpy, just keep an eye on things for a moment, will you, whilst I pop into the kitchen?"

Lumpy was delighted. He reckoned if Widow Emmett started to ask him to do things for 'er there might be 'ope for 'im after all.

'E ought to 'ave 'ad the sense to remember that a woman is at 'er craftiest just when she seems most innocent, only like a lot of under'and people Lumpy was apt to forget as others can be under'and as well.

'E 'ad never actually been into the kitchen at the Black Boy, so what 'e didn't know was that there was a sort of alcove there which came right up against the wall of the tap room, and anybody sitting there with their ear pressed against the bricks could hear what was being said on the other side perfectly well.

Of course it just suited Lumpy Mrs. Emmett going out into the back parts; and as there was only 'im and Sailor in the room 'e didn't even bother to lower 'is voice a lot.

"Wot you've got to do, Sailor," he said, after a bit of explaining, "is to get Tiger out of 'is cottage for a bit so that I can go in and get the cup."

"'Ow'll I do that?"

"Tell 'im you've got something to sell—cheap. That'll fetch him. That Belgian 'are of yours. That's just the thing. He's always on about wanting it."

Sailor scratched 'is head a bit and said: "Well, it's true I don't mind selling the Belgian 'are; but I don't know about selling it cheap."

"Tell 'im it's cheap without mentioning any price to start with. Anything will do as long as you get 'im up to your end of the village for half an hour."

Sailor thought 'e could manage that. "And what are you going to do once you get the cup?" he asked.

"The cricket meeting's in a week. I'm going to get up and ask if the cup is properly insured. When 'e says it is, I'm going to ask to see the policy. When 'e can't produce the policy I'm going to ask to see the cup. And when 'e can't show us either cup or policy I reckon 'e'll be in a bit of a mess. 'E'll look a proper fool, if not worse. And that's just how I want 'im to look. It might do me a bit of good in some quarters."

"And what'll you do with the cup meantime?" Sailor asked. "Keep it at 'ome?"

"No. I don't know as that would look too good. I'm going to lodge it safe somewhere more or less public where I can get it when I want it, and so as people won't think I was trying to keep it myself."

"It's not a bad idea for a bit of fun," Sailor agreed.

WELL, that was the way they worked it between them. Two days before the cricket meeting Sailor goes along to Tiger's cottage and says 'e's got tired of his Belgian 'are all a sudden and wants to sell it cheap, and if Tiger wants a bargain 'e 'ad better come along and 'ave a look at it.

The word "bargain" was like enchanting music to Tiger. Even if it was something 'e didn't really want and if 'e 'ad no intention of buying it, so long as a thing was cheap 'e couldn't help going along just to 'ave a look at it.

No sooner 'ad Tiger gone down to the other end of the village with Sailor to 'ave a look at the Belgian 'are than Lumpy comes out of hiding and gets to work.

Of course the cottage was all locked and shut up; but that didn't worry Lumpy; 'e was that artful 'e could 'ave wormed 'is way into the Royal Enclosure at Ascot with an out-of-date tram ticket.

The funny thing was that Tiger actually bought the Belgian 'are after all. I expect 'e (*Continued on page 70*)

Gertrude Ederle, the seventeen-year-old American girl who swam the Channel in 1926 from France to England in fourteen and a half hours

The Big Swim

By Guy Livingston

THE Channel swim season is on. Husky swimmers of both sexes and many nations are now limbering up to attack those twenty-one salty miles between the white cliffs of Dover and the sands of Calais. Some time in the next six weeks or so, conditions permitting, they will take the plunge and, well greased to withstand a possible thirty hours in the water, will strike out on the world's most famous long-distance swim.

For a few the honour and glory of the achievement will be a sufficient incentive. But most of this year's aspirants will be swimming for hard cash in the cross-Channel race promoted by a national daily, which offers £1,000 each to the first man and woman to complete the distance and £250 for every competitor who swims the course. This should attract as great an array of international swimming talent as these choppy waters have seen.

Every schoolboy knows that the Straits are twenty-one miles across, but the Channel swimmer will tell you otherwise. Tides, winds and currents sweeping through this marine bottleneck drag out the swimming distance to perhaps fifty miles, putting a high premium on toughness, perseverance and resistance to cold. (The Channel's August-September temperature is no more than comfortable at about sixty degrees.) All of which explains why out of more than 300 attempts to swim it, only thirty-three have succeeded.

Since Captain Matthew Webb dived from Dover's Admiralty Pier in August, 1875, and touched down at Calais twenty-one and three-quarter hours later, twenty-nine swimmers (nineteen men and ten women) have covered the distance, three of the men (Temme and Blower of England, Hassan el Rehim of Egypt) having swum the Straits each way. Experience has shown that the France-England course is the easier, for twenty-seven of the swims have been in that direction and only six (including Webb's) in the other.

Webb was a man whose life—and death—were fatefully bound up with water. As a boy he rescued a brother from drowning; having taken to the sea as a career, as a naval cadet he prevented another drowning; in 1874, aged twenty-six, he won the Royal Humane Society's Stanhope medal for a further but unsuccessful rescue attempt; in 1875, his Channel swimming year, he swam the twenty miles from Blackwall Pier to Gravesend in four and three-quarter hours; and in 1883 he was drowned—trying to swim the Niagara Falls.

Three men only have swum the channel both ways, and E. H. Temme, pictured above, is one of them

Tom Blower also swam the channel both ways. Experience has shown that the France-England course is the easier

His sensational Channel swim of 1875—all the way by breast-stroke—was not his first attempt. He had tried a fortnight before but bad weather had stopped him after seven hours. And even that was not the first of all attempts. Three years before, a Mr. Johnson had made an unsuccessful bid that took him only seven miles.

And we must not forget the ingenious Captain Paul Boynton, though official

(*Continued on page 70*)

Georges Michel of France holds the record. He swam, in 1926, from Gris Nez to Dover in eleven hours five minutes

La Belle Gabrielle

The Romance of the beautiful Gabrielle d'Estrées and Henry of Navarre—King Henry IV. of France.

Illustrated by Jack Matthew.

ONE day in 1591, a rough-looking fellow with a sack on his back trudged through the courtyard of the Château of Cœuvres, the ancestral home of the d'Estrées family, near Mantes, some fifty miles from Paris. To the two young daughters of the house who happened to see him from the gallery he looked like some poor peasant, no doubt seeking alms or work. Then one of them gave a cry of astonishment. For this shabby and humble-seeming visitor was no peasant; she recognised him, unbelievably, as her illustrious lover, Henry of Navarre, lately become King of France.

Behind this romantic and improbable masquerade lay the story of a royal infatuation whose course just then was running far from smooth. Henry was in love with the beautiful Gabrielle d'Estrées and had taken her under his protection; but they had quarrelled, and she had left him and returned to her father's house. With a hopefulness—even an impudence—that was typical of this Gascon ruler, he believed that while she might refuse to meet him as a King he might still bluff his way into her presence disguised as a peasant. And once in, he had no doubt that his persuasive charm would do the rest.

But he could not have been more wrong. Not only did Gabrielle show no signs of relenting and flying into his arms on seeing him as a lowly rustic, but she imperiously sent him packing; and Henry returned crestfallen to Mantes to think up some other way of reconciliation.

His first problem was: how to get her away from Cœuvres? He found the answer, quite simply, by making her father a member of the Royal Council. This meant that the whole d'Estrées family had to move to his Court at Mantes. Which in turn meant that he would win back Gabrielle's company, if not her heart.

As it turned out, he did win her heart, and there grew between them a romantic association that lasted until Gabrielle's tragic death eight years later.

HENRY OF NAVARRE had first met Gabrielle d'Estrées in 1590, when he was thirty-seven and she was eighteen. His friend the Duc de Bellegarde had been lyrical about her beauty and had persuaded Henry—he needed little pressing—to ride with him to Cœuvres and meet her. When he saw her he was entranced, and with reason, for men raved about "la belle Gabrielle" as the loveliest woman in France. A writer describes her charms as follows: "Her hair was a beautiful ash-blonde; her eyes were blue and full of fire; her complexion was like alabaster; her nose aquiline and well-shaped; she had pearly

This shabby and humble-seeming visitor was no peasant. Gabrielle recognised him as her illustrious lover, Henry of Navarre

teeth, lips upon which the god of love perpetually dwelt; a stately throat, a perfect bust, a slender hand. In short, she possessed the deportment of a goddess."

And Gabrielle, in her teens, was fully aware of her power over men—how could she not be, when her mother had so systematically exploited her daughters' charms by finding them all wealthy protectors? Already, at sixteen, Gabrielle had been the mistress of Henry III., and after him there had been several others. Such was the value placed on feminine modesty by the d'Estrées parents; and such were the morals of the Court in sixteenth-century France.

For Henry, a master of gallantry, to look upon Gabrielle was to desire her; and soon he had brought her to his Court at Mantes. But he was a busy man, still fighting to unify his kingdom, and he was often away. Which was a bad thing for him because, in his absence, Gabrielle found consolation with her old love, the dashing Duc de Bellegarde, whom it was said no woman could withstand, and with another courtier, the Duc de Longueville. Henry came back and discovered her liaison with Bellegarde. Hot words were spoken, Henry proclaiming that no one should share Gabrielle with him, and Gabrielle saying that she refused to be anybody's slave.

So it was that this seductive slip of a girl, with enough experience in the ways of men for a woman twice her age, left the King of France for the (slightly dubious) shelter of her father's roof.

BACK at Mantes a year later, with her father promoted to the Royal Council, Gabrielle settled down with a better grace. After all, hers was a coveted position and Henry was a man of compelling, even endearing personality. At forty, though his long beard was already silvered, his thick black hair showed no signs of grey; and his unhandsome face, with its prominent nose, was redeemed by bright, expressive eyes and a sensitive, humorous mouth. At once bold and romantic, tender and impetuous, generous and shrewd, he was equally at home in the Council Chamber, the rough company of soldiers and the scented boudoir of his mistress. In short, he loved life, and Gabrielle came, slowly, to love him.

But, for Henry, there was still the little matter of making sure of Gabrielle by removing her entirely from her father's authority. Married himself (though not happily) to Marguerite de Valois, he could not make Gabrielle his wife even had he then wanted to. So he "regularised" things by wedding her to one Nicolas d'Amerval, Sieur de Liancourt, elderly, unprepossessing and rich, a widower with eleven children. The marriage was, of course, purely one of convenience and soon annulled; and now, as Madame de Liancourt, Gabrielle was free to continue her association with Henry.

The King, however, often absent as he was, reckoned without Bellegarde, whom Gabrielle still found irresistible. Rumours of their intrigue reached his ears and made him wildly jealous. Then one night he caught the Duke red-handed.

Entering Gabrielle's room unannounced, he saw a man just disappearing beneath the bed. He must have guessed who it was, but he said nothing, merely sitting down with Gabrielle to their accustomed supper. Towards the end of the meal, with a wicked twinkle in his eye, he threw half a partridge under the bed, exclaiming with a shrug, "Everyone must live!"

That was the end of the Duke as a competitor for Gabrielle's favours. "Neither in politics nor love," Henry told him furiously, "will I tolerate a rival," and he banished Bellegarde from Court, forbidding him ever to return unmarried. (He did marry—and it seems, made a model husband.)

With Bellegarde disposed of, Henry and Gabrielle found much happiness together. His letters to her at this time show him as a charming and romantic

Henry discovered her liaison with Bellegarde. Hot words were spoken, Henry proclaiming that no one should share Gabrielle with him, and Gabrielle saying she refused to be anybody's slave

When Henry rode victoriously into Paris in 1594 Gabrielle preceded him in a magnificent open litter

Gabrielle appealed to Henry when the Marquis de Rosny refused to pass an expenses account incurred over the baptism of her second son, Alexandre, but Henry supported Rosny and told Gabrielle, "I could better do without ten mistresses like you than one Minister like him"

lover. "My darling love," he writes in one, "you have much more reason to be afraid of my loving you too much than too little. That fault pleases you—and me, too, since you like it. See how I yield to your every wish! Don't I deserve to be loved? And I think you love me, and so, with a happy heart, I finish."

Gabrielle did indeed return his love. Through all that difficult time when he was fighting to make himself King in fact as well as in name, in the struggles that led up to his successful entry into Paris, she was Henry's confidante and adviser; she listened to his troubles, encouraged him and gave him fresh hope.

When Henry rode victoriously into Paris in 1594, the long siege over, Gabrielle (so writes a contemporary) "went a little before him, in a magnificent open litter, so loaded with pearls and precious stones that she dimmed the light of the torches; and she had on a dress of black satin, all tufted with white." It was her triumph as well as his; and in recognition of her constancy and her support Henry made her Marquise de Monceaux.

Fortune indeed was smiling on Gabrielle now. Ennobled, publicly confirmed in the position of royal mistress, her son César called Monsieur (a title used only for royal sons) and, in 1595, made legitimate—all these honours came upon her within a year or so. But her rise to high position did not bring unmixed happiness. She clashed, almost disastrously, with Henry's closest friend and most powerful adviser, the Marquis de Rosny.

It was over the baptism of her second son, Alexandre. Rosny, who bore her a private grudge, queried the expenses that Gabrielle had incurred for this ceremony, refused to pass them and appealed to the King. Henry took Rosny's side and reproached Gabrielle. There was a heart-rending scene, in which Gabrielle, weeping bitter tears, asked him how he, her lover, could sacrifice her to "an insolent valet." "I could better do without ten mistresses like you than one Minister like him," replied Henry.

Cruel, wounding words, spoken, as it happens, on Henry's birthday, December 13, 1598—words that Henry, if he loved her, could only have wished he had never uttered. And love her he did, for even then he had in mind to marry her when his intended divorce from Marguerite de Valois was completed. But tragic fate worked against his plans, for four months later Gabrielle was dead.

In April 1599, Gabrielle and Henry parted for Easter, he to stay in Fontainebleau, she to go to Paris. On her arrival she dined with Zamet, a rich Italian banker friend of Henry's, and then went to the Deanery, where she was to lodge. Shortly afterwards she was taken ill with shocking pains and convulsions; her child (for she was then pregnant) was still-born, and she died in agony on April 10. What caused her death, whether it was poison administered by some enemy at Zamet's house, natural causes connected with her pregnancy or the bungling incompetence of her doctors, is a mystery to this day.

Henry was prostrated with grief. To his sister he wrote, "The flower of my love is dead and will never blossom again." But truth must be told: before the year was out that volatile monarch was consoling himself with Henriette d'Entragues, who followed Gabrielle in his royal favour. But perhaps it can at least be said that Gabrielle was the greatest of all his loves.

Living In A Snail Shell

By
F. W. Sander

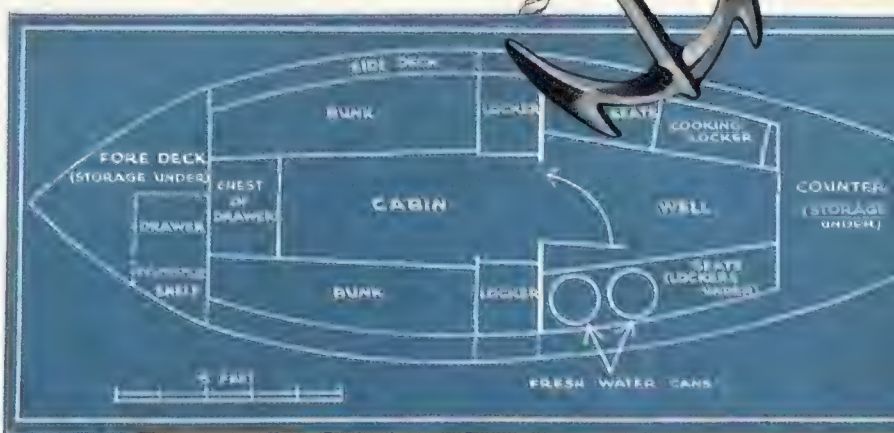
BUTTERFLY—l.o.a. 20′—b. 6′ 6″—d. 2′ 9″—T.M. 2.85—blt. 1919 by Banham, Cambridge—Sloop rigged—S.A. 250 sq. ′—No aux. mtr.

I have been told to keep away from technicalities, so maybe that is not such a good start. However, do not be alarmed, what it all adds up to is a sailing yacht of very modest size, as you can see for yourself from the illustrations.

This little yacht is our home for several weeks of the year. If you look at the dimensions of the cabin (7 ft. by 6 ft.) you will see that it can be compared to a good-sized hearth rug—and this is lounge, dining-room and bedroom combined ! No wonder we sometimes call her the Snail Shell and no wonder we are sometimes amazed that we can live so comfortably in so few cubic feet of space. Yet, when we are aboard, it always strikes us as ridiculous that houses should be built so big.

For many years now my wife and I have spent as much time as possible aboard. During that time we have learned to make use of every available inch of room, experience has taught us the value of having a particular place for every single item of boat's gear, clothing, personal possessions, food, cooking utensils and everything else and we appreciate the need for scrupulous tidiness.

The impression of being limited to the cabin for living room is not, in fact, accurate. The well, or cockpit, is almost as large as the cabin and when we are not sailing this can be enclosed by an awning, supported along the top by the boom, held out by "stretchers" and tied down to the deck, to give a reasonably weatherproof tent. The lockers under the seats in the well are put to various uses; one is the "bosun's stores" (small ship's gear and the essential tools and materials for (*Continued on page* 66)



THE ARTIST

BY NEIL BELL

IF you hold the opinion that human beings are simple, comprehensible creatures, made to a plain pattern, their actions stereotyped and predictable, then read no further for you are likely to be provoked into a denial of my veracity. But if you are, as I am, fascinated by the illimitable caprice of human conduct, then you will not find this story a waste of your time; nor will you doubt its truth.

In 1927 I was in the south of Spain as the representative of my uncle, who was then a wine importer with offices in Mincing Lane. I was much more interested in archaeology than in wine (either as a drink or as an article of commerce), and having satisfactorily settled my business I went to Cartagena where I spent several weeks very happily with my sketch book and camera. At my hotel a chance acquaintance with like interests told me I must not fail to spend a few days at Murcia, if only to see its fine cathedral, although there were also Moorish remains of great beauty, some dating back to the tenth century and in an astonishing state of preservation.

And so I went to Murcia at the end of August and stayed a month and should have stayed longer but for a peremptory wire from my uncle. The weather was delightful, far cooler than I had been given to expect. I dawdled happily through the long days, swimming in the Segura, boating, fishing, flirting: for the girls were pretty and not difficult and I was young and had a generous expenses account.

MIGUEL missed and hurtled downwards, and before his body hit the arena, Alonso slipped from his trapeze and fell as a stone falls

I had been there about a fortnight when one morning the streets suddenly blazed with scores of gaudy posters announcing the coming of Carmel's Circus, an eagerly anticipated annual visitor. Murcia did not offer a great deal of entertainment to its young people, for there was but one cinema, and so the coming of the great Carmel was a major topic of lively conversation; and by the time its many huge caravans rumbled into the town I had engaged to be one of some party or another for every night of its week's stay, except the first, when I went alone.

The show was good, typically circus, and not differing much from a dozen others I had seen at home. The tent was loftier than any I had hitherto encountered, being quite a hundred feet from apex to the arena, and the acrobats performed without a safety net. I had not known this done before and found it too hair-raising for comfort. I was told nets were never used in Spain; that accidents, sometimes fatal, were not uncommon; and that it was the possibility of these which made the circus so great a draw.

There were the usual equestrian acts; the clowns, who look the same the world over; a lion taming act; performing seals; a quite amazing exhibition of knife throwing; a ventriloquial act which had the audience convulsed with laughter, but rather defeated my Spanish; and finally a trapeze act which frightened me. It turned my stomach. Again and again I had to look away. There were but two artists, both men. At the lowest point of the swing the trapezes were quite sixty feet above the sawdust of the arena and there was not so much as a rope to break a fall. And those two men swung and swooped (*Continued on page* 56)

Homes Of Norway And Sweden

ARE you one of those who are visiting Norway and Sweden this summer, encouraged by the easing of the currency restrictions there? If so, you will almost certainly visit the homes of our Northern friends and will be interested in comparing them with your own. What may you expect to find?

In the cities and towns flats predominate. In the industrial areas large blocks of flats have been built by the factory owners for their workpeople. The flats themselves are quite small. The living-room becomes the bedroom at night by the conversion of the large settee, and perhaps the unfolding of a bed from its concealment behind a curtain. It is not uncommon, also, for curtains to take the place of doors in the Scandinavian home.

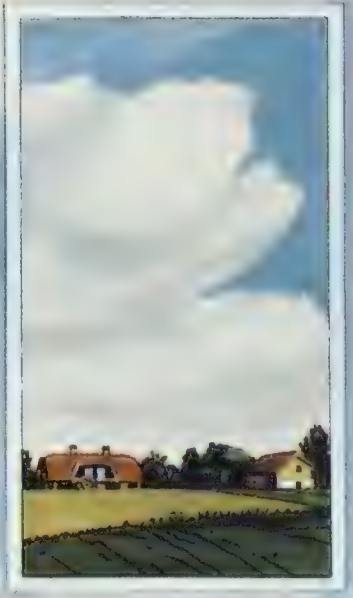
But in the country, and on the outskirts of the towns, is the typical house. It is a small timber building with three rooms and a kitchen. Built into the foundation of the house are a garage, a larder, a room for wash-day and a place for the central-heating system. My own greatest surprise on first visiting such a home in Sweden was to find how much accommodation was provided in what appeared from outside to be a tiny wooden bungalow.

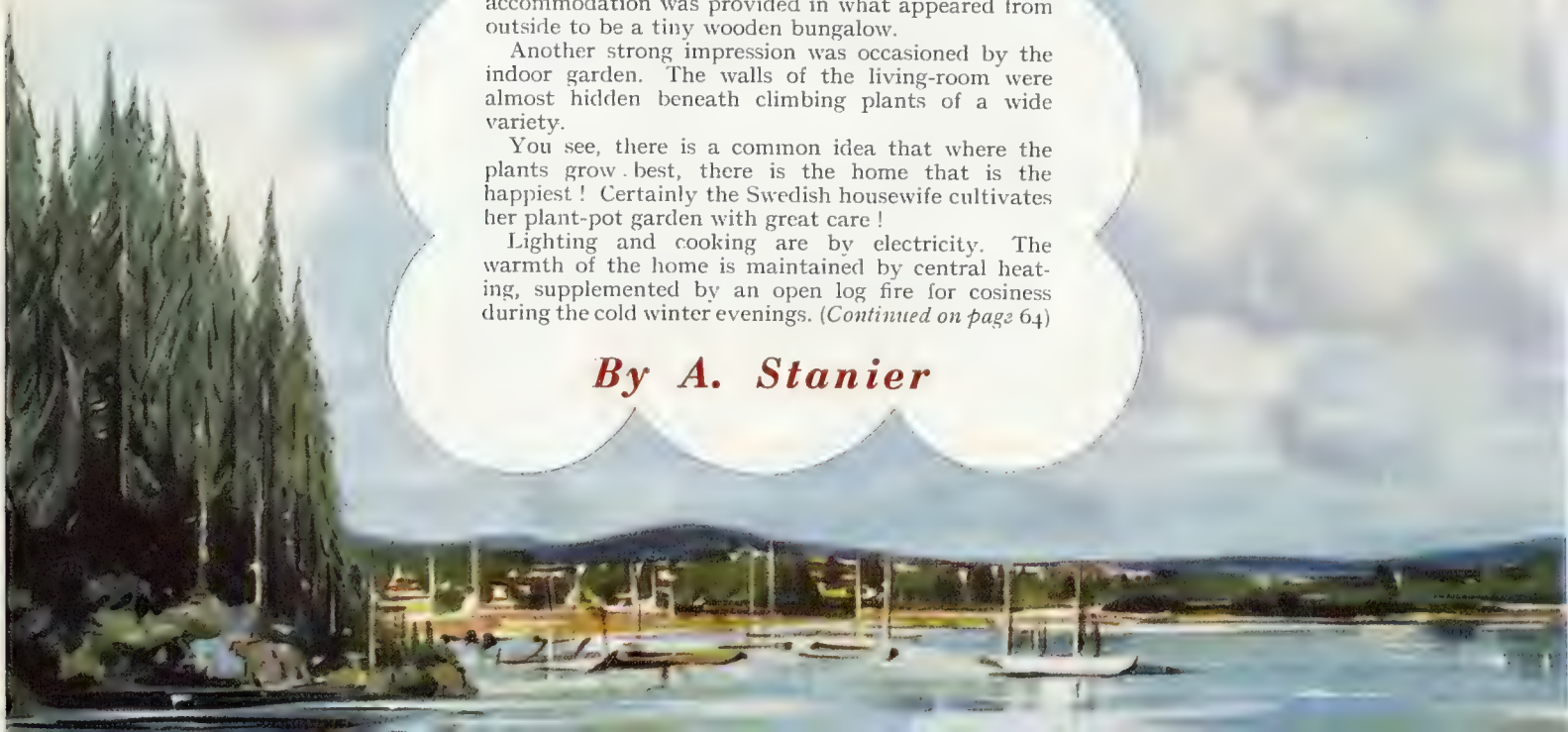
Another strong impression was occasioned by the indoor garden. The walls of the living-room were almost hidden beneath climbing plants of a wide variety.

You see, there is a common idea that where the plants grow best, there is the home that is the happiest! Certainly the Swedish housewife cultivates her plant-pot garden with great care!

Lighting and cooking are by electricity. The warmth of the home is maintained by central heating, supplemented by an open log fire for cosiness during the cold winter evenings. (*Continued on page* 64)

By A. Stanier





Cat And Dog

The Perfectly Obvious Is Not Always The Right Clue In A Murder Problem

By Ralph Arnold

"THE chief inspector wants a word with you, Stella," Colonel Chaplin explained. "Chief Inspector Swanley, Miss Stella Holland. He's come down from Scotland Yard, m'dear, to help us clear up this mystery of your aunt's death. Now Swanley, you've read the transcript of the proceedings at yesterday's inquest. Fire away and ask Miss Holland just whatever you want."

The chief inspector had seen plenty of pretty girls in his day, but Stella Holland's beauty was breathtaking. Was she beautiful, though? Strictly speaking, he supposed, she wasn't. Her head of shining coppery hair was too red. The oval of her face was too thin, and there was a dusting of golden freckles on her too prominent cheekbones. Her brown eyes were almost too big, and her thin girl's body and long legs were coltish. But, irresistibly, she put him in mind of something. A nymph dancing in a clearing of a forest. A greenish mist of leaves all round and one shaft of sunlight, and this girl dancing in it.

He pulled himself up sharply. "Tuesday evening, now," he heard himself beginning. "On Tuesday evening, Miss Holland, you had supper with your aunt, Miss Broome, and afterwards you helped the resident maid with the washing up?"

The girl nodded.

"And your aunt went into the drawing-room and read *The Times*? That was usual, wasn't it? At half-past eight you joined her and at nine you switched on the news?"

The girl nodded again.

"You didn't notice anything amiss with your aunt? Everything was just as usual? Her manner to you for instance?"

"Much as usual." Stella Holland hesitated. "She was neither . . . well, neither nastier or nicer."

"And after the news she went up to her sitting-room? And at ten o'clock you brought her up some cocoa? A jug of cocoa, and a cup and saucer and a spare saucer on a tray?"

"I made it," the girl's voice trembled a little. "I made it just as I always did, night after night. The saucer was for Joey—that was her dog. She always gave him a saucerful of cocoa. There was a box of saccharines on the tray, too."

"Saccharines?"

Mrs. Chaplin's voice, booming unexpectedly from the depths of the sofa, made the chief inspector start. He had forgotten that the colonel's wife was in the room.

"Extraordinary woman," Mrs. Chaplin went on. "Did she *always* insist on saccharine? Never a decent lump of sugar?"

Stella shook her head. "Goodness, no," she said. "The heavens would have fallen if anyone had dared to use a lump of sugar. Aunt Ida was . . . careful, you know. She rather approved of rationing."

The chief inspector went on. "Did she pour the cocoa out while you were in the room? She didn't? What was she doing?"

"Reading," Stella explained. "She was always reading when I brought in the cocoa. Sitting bolt upright in her chair by the fireplace, reading a novel. I put the tray down on the table on the right of the chair, said, 'There's your cocoa, Aunt Ida,' and she just said, 'Goodnight,' without looking up. It was always like that. Then I went to bed."

"I see." The chief inspector leant forward. "So she didn't touch the cocoa while you were in the room? She didn't drop a saccharine tablet into the jug, for instance? You're certain of that now?"

"Certain."

"And the dog? A peke, wasn't it?"

"Joey was asleep in his basket. He was very old. He spent most of his time in his basket in Aunt Ida's room."

"And in due course, as we must suppose, she sweetened the cocoa and poured it out, a cup for herself and a saucerful for the dog. They both drank it and they both died."

He was watching the girl's face.

Oddly enough she didn't flinch.

THE chief inspector leant forward. "So she didn't touch the cocoa while you were in the room? She didn't drop a saccharine tablet into the jug, for instance?"

"Annie found them dead next morning. Annie's the maid." The girl's voice was curiously lacking in emotion.

"Just so. And you rang up the police and the Chief Constable here came over right away. You rang up your cousin Adrian, too, didn't you? He had spent the week-end at your aunt's house, I think, and returned as usual on Monday morning?"

The girl nodded. "He came down by the first train he could catch."

"And in the meantime the police had found a bottle of tablets stuffed down between the cushion and the seat of your aunt's chair. The bottle of tablets that had been issued to Adrian during the war when he was engaged on a secret mission. Hyoscine tablets. Quick killers. One of these tablets killed both your aunt and her dog. The post-mortem established that. You knew about those tablets, didn't you? Knew they were kept in your aunt's medicine cupboard?"

"Yes, I knew about them. Adrian showed them to us when he came back from the war. They were issued to him in case he got captured—because he might have been tortured. He said they ought to be thrown away, but Aunt Ida said not. She stuck a poison label on the bottle and put it away in her medicine cupboard."

"Your aunt's fingerprints were on the bottle. She might have moved it about in her cupboard from time to time, I suppose?"

"I suppose so."

"And it was you, wasn't it, who found the marked passage in the novel that your aunt had been reading?"

"Well, partly Adrian and partly me. You see we both thought she might have left some note, saying why she had killed herself. She had a way of stuffing bits of paper into books. Adrian and I were going through the ones on the table by her chair and Adrian noticed the bit ringed round in the novel she had been reading the night before she died. I knew it was the same book because it had a bright blue cover with gold squiggles on it. *April Showers* it's called."

"And that marked paragraph proved, to your own satisfaction, that your aunt had taken her own life?"

The girl's eyes seemed to grow bigger.

"Well," she said, "it was as plain, wasn't it, as if she had actually written a letter? I knew . . . well, that she was rather cross and disappointed about something, though I never imagined she minded as much as all that. And ringing the sentences round in red pencil was just the kind of thing she would have done. She had two or three red pencils on the table by her chair. She liked red pencils. She wrote most things with them. Notes for the laundry and things like that."

"Put it the other way round," the chief inspector suggested. "Suppose that someone had had a motive for wishing to kill Miss Broome. Such a person could have made it look like suicide. Could have handled that bottle and that red pencil, both of which bore your aunt's fingerprints, with gloves. Could have stuffed the bottle down in her chair to make it look as if she had pushed it there after extracting a tablet. Could have ringed round the conveniently appropriate passage in the novel that she happened to be reading. Could have . . . dropped one of Adrian Broome's tablets into the jug while it was being carried upstairs. . . ."

Watching her closely again, the chief inspector saw the white face grow whiter, saw the big brown eyes go black with fear.

Stella Holland's lips opened and she moistened them with the tip of her tongue.

"But . . ." she began, and then her voice trailed away to nothing.

"Motive," the chief inspector went on. "That's what we have to look for in a case like this. The Chief Constable hasn't mentioned this to you yet, Miss Holland. But yesterday evening, after the inquest had been adjourned, Mrs. Teague, your aunt's daily woman, paid a visit to the police station at Grebe. She told the Superintendent about the quarrel you had with your aunt on Monday, the day before she died. She was listening at the sitting-room door—she admits that—and she heard everything your aunt said."

He pulled a piece of foolscap paper out of his pocket.

"It was about this young man you want to marry. Your aunt said that she disapproved, that she forbade any sort of formal engagement, because you were too young and because he couldn't support you. You flared up. You said you didn't care what she thought. That you considered yourself engaged to him. She told you that her money was to be divided equally between yourself and your cousin Adrian, but that if you persisted in marrying Tom Hibbert she would alter her will. You said you were going to marry him. She put a telephone call through to her lawyer. You were in the room and heard what she said. She made an appointment with him for Wednesday morning. You were very angry. You said that you hated her, that you had always hated her, and that you wished she was dead. Do you deny that you said that?"

The girl was crying now. "She's hated me ever since my mother died and I came to live with her. She was vile about Tom, she and Adrian. Adrian of *all* people."

"You had the motive and you had the opportunity."

Illustrations by S. Tresilian

Mrs. Chaplin reached out and patted the girl's arm. The colonel grunted.

"Steady Stella," he said. "Look here Swanley, haven't we gone far enough? Shock for the girl and all that. Better let things ride till she's had time to settle down. Alice will look after her. Take her along with you, Alice."

The chief inspector swung round in his chair and faced the colonel. The old boy's face was red and troubled. Silly, sentimental old buffer he thought.

Mrs. Chaplin got up and the girl followed her out of the room.

"Well?" the Chief Constable asked.

"Colonel—why, before Mrs. Teague had told her story, did you get the inquest adjourned and ask my Chief at the Yard for someone to be sent down?"

"Because I've known Ida Broome for twenty-five years," Colonel Chaplin said slowly. "Dammit, I've lived in the same village. She was a hard, vindictive, greedy, bitter woman. She was intensely puritanical, intensely methodical, intensely avaricious and very, very tenacious. She was more than comfortably off. Her doctor tells me that he gave her a check-up only a month back and she was as sound as a bell. She lived an absolutely regular life, doing the same thing at the same time day after day after day. The case against the girl apart, I thought, and still think, that she was the last person in the world to take her own life. It was wholly out of character."

The door opened and a parlourmaid brought in a note on a silver salver.

The colonel put on a pair of old-fashioned pince-nez, read the note carefully, refolded it and thrust it into his waistcoat pockets.

"Something my wife promised to let me have," he explained. "Come on, Swanley, let's go and have a look at the scene of the crime. You ought to run your eye over things."

"Just a moment," the chief inspector said. "That girl now. . . ."

"A very nice child," Colonel Chaplin observed. "That aunt of hers treated her like a slave. She's got a temper, mark you."

"I've known nice girls do some very ugly things. What about the man she wants to marry?"

"Tom Hibbert? By way of being an artist. Nothing wrong with the lad except he has no money, and that was crime enough in Ida Broome's eyes. Stella is the one with spirit in that outfit. Tom's a gentle creature."

"And Adrian Broome?"

"He went back to London last night after the inquest, but I can get him down any time if you want to see him. He's got a flat in Eaton Place. He was there all Tuesday evening. Had a couple of friends dining with him. We checked that. If Ida Broome was murdered, he can't possibly have done it. He's a partner in a small publishing concern, the Octavo Press. One of these Underground Johnnies during the war. Hence the tablets."

"Did he and Stella hit it off?"

"I suppose they got on all right. Quite different types."

"Right," the chief inspector said. "Let's get going, sir."

"NOW Swanley, here is the passage I was telling you about. One of the finest pieces of writing in the book. Just read that through," the colonel ordered

MORRISON PLACE, Ida Broome's house, was delightful—a little four-square, red brick Georgian block with two flanking pavilions distinguished by handsome Palladian windows.

The colonel marched upstairs.

"Here we are," he said. "Ida's sitting-room. That's her chair. And here's exhibit one—the novel she was reading, with the bit of text ringed round in red. A book, incidentally, which I lent her myself a good many years ago, and which she conveniently forgot to return. Rather typical that. *April Showers*, by Susan Bird. An old favourite of mine as it happens. Love story, you know. A bit old-fashioned, I daresay, but none the worse for that. Must be thirty years since I bought that book."

He flicked over the pages of the handsomely bound volume.

"Here you are. Chapter six. Page 98. I'll read you the marked passage.

"'Sylvia sighed,' — Sylvia, by the way, is the heroine. 'Sometimes' she murmured, 'sometimes, when (*Continued on page 72*)

Plague-Spot Pride Of The Orient

1 An aerial view of Singapore, the harbour and river. In the centre of the picture can be seen hundreds of native sampans tied up

2 The rickshaw has ceased to function on Singapore streets, but this native merchant carries his produce for the market on this bamboo shop

3 A five-year-old Malay boy making short work of his meal. A favourite dish is fried prawns and noodles

4 Next, please! A typical open air barber's shop in a Singapore street, The patrons are mostly Malays

Pupils of Raffles Girls' School, Singapore, take a singing lesson. (*On right*) A classroom in the Wellesley Primary School, Penang

Plague-Spot Pride Of The Orient

A Malarial Swamp Which Nobody Wanted Is Now Asia's Wealthiest, Healthiest And Happiest Community

By Martin Thornhill

FOR the second time within green memory, world interest is focused on Britain's Far Eastern bastion of Empire, Singapore. In February, 1942, was fought the battle of despair which forced the British out and let the Japs in. There followed forty-three months of darkening influence and halted social progress. Yet, within five years of Japanese evacuation, the effective control of malaria, a drop of forty-five per cent in infant mortality and of forty-three per cent in the incidence of tuberculosis have reduced the death rate of the 600,000 or so population of this once disease-ridden island colony to the lowest level not only of all Asia, but of the world.

Dr. Jan Bulsara, Far Eastern representative of the United Nations Division of Social Activities, visiting Singapore, was so impressed with its highly developed social welfare work that he predicts the region as the future model for most other countries in Asia. He further considers that the island has a special value as a "laboratory" for Asian social research. This because Singapore's compactness and manageable numbers give its welfare workers a good perspective of their activities and of the effects of their work. Such was not possible when the same work was spread over a larger area.

The doctor's testimony was both confirmed and amplified by Sir Patrick McKerron, the Governor, when he opened the island's Legislative Council. He claimed Singapore as "the healthiest sea-spot in the East," its social welfare organization as "the most advanced in S.E. Asia." The set-up is the more remarkable because, without appreciable taxation increase, £10,250,000 (three times the cost of the police force) has been raised to finance present and future work. The money is being spent on improved housing, medical services, social centres, juvenile clubs, and education. The last will include the integration of the colony's strangely mixed peoples and languages, and a complete switch-over to free education. September will see the opening of the last of eighty new schools.

THE foundations of this programme had in fact been laid when the Japanese invasion halted them. Revenue, which reflected Singapore's share in Malaya's tin and rubber prosperity, was being put back wholesale into the colony, roads and railways were being constructed, schools and hospitals built. Both local government and private industry had budgeted large sums for (malarial) anti-larval measures, and a comprehensive public health and hygiene system was established.

Contrast this with Singapore's earlier history. Britons' most vivid recollections of Singapore are as those of Americans for Pearl Harbour. Before that, this twenty-six by fourteen-mile island tip of the Malay Peninsula, accommodating well over half a million people, was the richest centre in the Far East. Earlier still, most of Singapore Island had been a malarial, snake-infested jungle swamp, breeding a quarter of a million species of insect pests. At this unenviable period of its history it was also a hide-out of Pacific pirates, the bones of whose victims lay strewn higgledy-piggledy on its beaches.

Despite this far from savoury record, the island has a long history of invasions and bitter trade rivalry dating from before the twelfth century. While the Crusades were being fought in the Holy Land and the Chinese were making the earliest-hinted use of gunpowder, Buddhist Malays from the Sumatran kingdom of Palembang landed from gaily painted prahus to found the city of Singa-Pura—"City of the Lion." A brave misnomer, however, for the island's jungles housed tigers, but not lions—an error which Sir Stamford Raffles, though a famous zoologist, left sentimentally uncorrected when he founded modern Singapore seven centuries later.

Singapore's second invasion was by a Siamese fleet early in the fourteenth century. This failed, but in 1377 the City of the Lion fell to Javanese invaders, mainly through the "fifth column" agency of a local chief. The city was sacked, and the massacre of the forbidden hill, now called Fort Cenning, is remembered by story and legend handed down by Malays to the present day.

SINGAPORE never recovered from Javanese destruction, and of the early city and settlement there survive only a few jungle-hid crumbling walls and temple ruins. In 1703 the island was virtually uninhabited, and was regarded as of so little value that the Sultan of Johore offered it gratis to Alexander Hamilton, a wandering Scot who, though he declined the gift, yet recorded the potential merits of the territory. After it had languished thus for over a century, Thomas Stamford Raffles, founder of London's Zoo, and an eminent scientist, scholar and traveller, foresaw a future for Singapore which Hamilton had barely glimpsed.

Raffles's ambition was to end slavery, piracy and the enforced trade monopoly in Malaya as a whole. He turned up old histories and found that there had been an ancient city on the site of Singapore. Persuading the then Sultan of Johore to lease him the island, he promised that it should become the pride of the East, a natural centre to which trade would flow from all corners of the earth. That was in 1820, and the world knows how, under British administration, financed by British and Asiatic capital, his forecast was fulfilled to the letter. Raffles began by declaring Singapore a free port—which it has remained to this day. In a year the population grew from a few hundred fishermen to five thousand merchants, traders and workers. Within ten years its trade was worth £4 million. In half a century its population matched the whole of the Malay Peninsula, its commerce was unrivalled. Out of this sustained prosperity have been built over 1,000 miles of railway and thousands of miles of good roads, large towns, docks, waterworks, and every kind of public building.

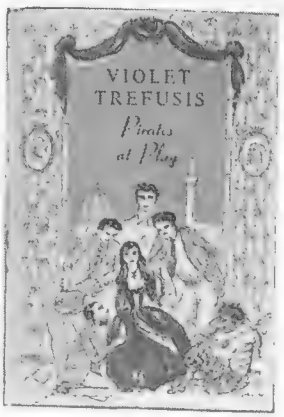
Much that has been written of the climate of this region during the present century is (*Continued on page* 62)

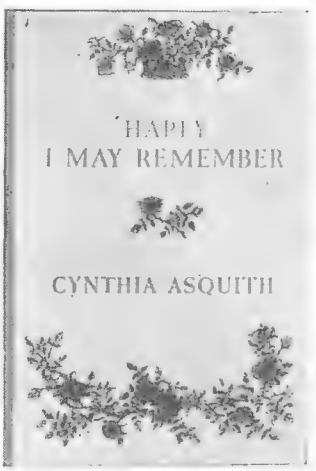
Don't Take Ten Eggs

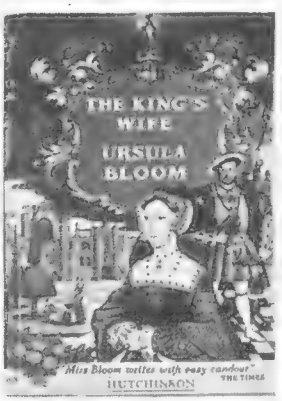
NEARLY a century after its first appearance twenty experts have spent four years modernizing "**Mrs. Beeton's Household Management**" (*Ward, Lock, 35s.*), *and they are emphatic that she* never *wrote "Take ten eggs" or was in any way extravagant; she stood, in fact, for economy, avoidance of waste, and maximum labour-saving. The new edition of this prodigious classic has 1,680 pages, 4,000 rechecked and tested recipes, chapters on running a home wisely, laundry work, table service, Home Lawyer and Doctor, first-aid, the nursery, all thoroughly vetted to accord with modern small-family methods and even pressure-cooking; 350 new illustrations, with 16 coloured plates. "Thank heaven!" said a friend of mine, eyeing the huge, handsome tome. "Now the wife will know how to boil an egg!"*

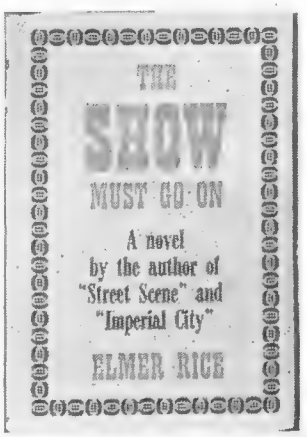
Books:

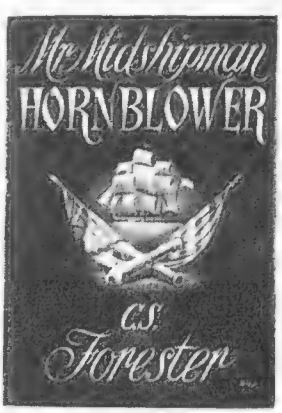
Reviewed by
Trevor Allen











AUGUST, high summer. . . . So let us turn to stately homes in shady, ancestral parks, and the affectionate memories people have of them. Mrs. Nesta Webster's was Trent Park near Barnet when it had but one bathroom "used by father." Father—Robert Bevan, chairman of Barclay's Bank—had been given the house by *his* father, one of the Bank's founders, who went to an auction to bid for some wine, fell asleep, nodded, and awoke to find it had been knocked down to him! She writes of her early years there so delightfully in "Spacious Days" (Hutchinson, 18s.) that the nod, perhaps, was not to be regretted. Trent launched her on a Victorian and Edwardian society—and a literary eminence—of which she tells agreeable stories. One is of her plain, severe old granny being told by a grandson: "Grandmama, I love my prayer-book!" The devout churchwoman patted him approvingly. "Indeed, my little boy, and tell me why you love it." "Because my prayer-book tells me that a man cannot marry his grandmother." Another is of flighty Aunt Caroline, before cigarettes were invented, retiring to the top of a hayrick with young men on Sunday afternoons to smoke cigars! An admirable book—with vivid accounts of travel to the Riviera, India and the Far East—for all who like memoirs of the "old days," though originally it was written only for her children.

LADY CYNTHIA ASQUITH had three homes as background to her early life: Stanway in the Cotswolds; Gosford, her grandfather's Scottish seat; and Clouds, the Wiltshire home of her mother's family. Here, too, were spacious days and folk worth remembering; but her cultured life and literary hobbies brought her into touch with famous artists and writers—she was J. M. Barrie's secretary; so we meet Augustus John wailing: "The other day I read what I had written some months ago, and beads of sweat started on my brow. Why, *why*, should I write like a minor Hebrew prophet?" and D. H. Lawrence calling on him to see Lady Cynthia's portrait. Gloomily he prowled about the studio, then boomed sepulchrally: "Let the DEAD PAINT THE DEAD!" A gentler memory is of baby Princess Elizabeth at 145 Piccadilly relieving Lady Cynthia of her handbag and putting its contents to use. Soon spectacles were perched on tiny nose, pennies pocketed, mirror opened, and powder deftly applied! "Haply I May Remember" (Barrie, 15s.) is written as it was lived: naturally, spontaneously, with no hard-set plan: and can be enjoyed in that spirit.

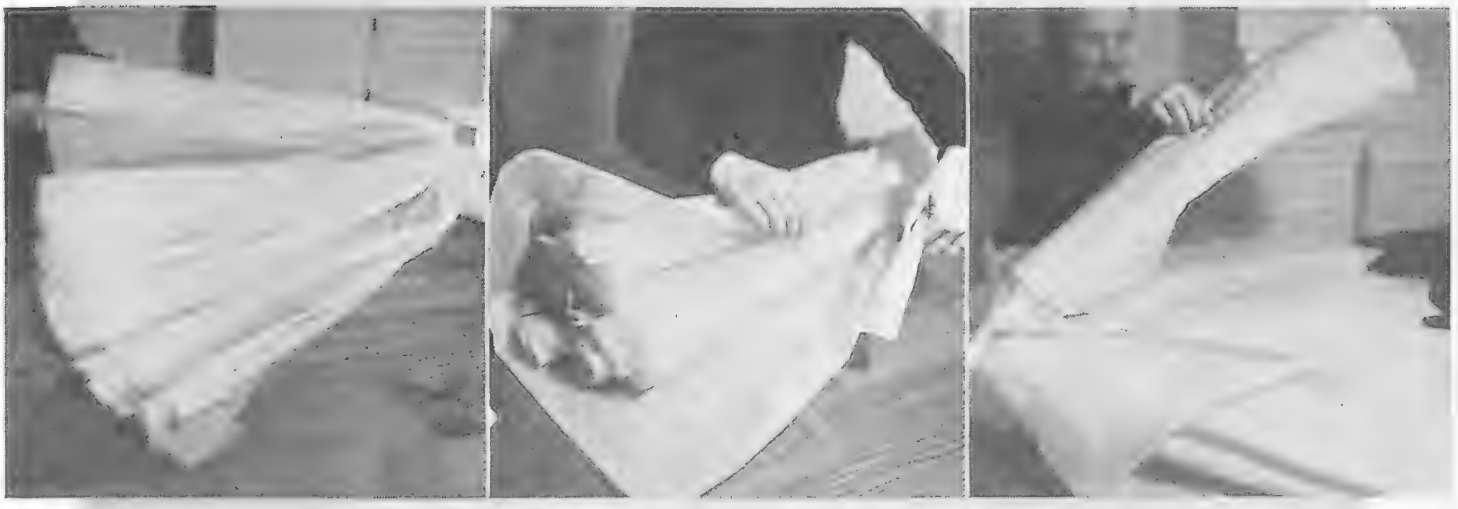
J. D. GREENWAY'S home has been the world of diplomacy, from Moscow to Pekin and Panama, and wherever he went he fished, for "of all the innumerable joys and privileges of being a hardened and impenitent bachelor, not the least is the freedom to fish, untrammelled and unharassed by the female sex." Off Elsinore he caught three 400-lb. tunnies; he holds the Panama record for a 258-lb. black marlin swordfish caught with a 6-oz. rod and "nine" thread; and so far no lady has established a comparable one by hooking *him*. The fish dominate "Fish, Fowl and Foreign Lands" (Faber, 12s. 6d.) but there's plenty in this gay, diverting memoir about the other sort of "queer fish" that drop into a diplomat's net.

FROM such happy memories must we descend to an expert's study of crime? Sir Leo Page in "The Young Lag" (Faber, 18s.) records the case histories he obtained from twenty-three men, age twenty to twenty-six, in various prisons. The typical young crook, he finds, is pitiably ignorant, often below average intelligence, bored with straight living, greedy for "easy money" for his pleasures: sex, films, betting, street corners, pubs. Sir Leo blames lack of religion, thinks magistrates and judges impose useless and harmful sentences, favours longer after-care, indefinite sentences for the hardened lag, lays insufficient stress on the effect of social and war conditions, but contributes solidly to an understanding of the problem.

GILES PLAYFAIR'S "Kean" (Reinhardt and Evans, 12s. 6d.) is a reprint of the soundly (*Continued on page 76*)

Pack It This Way

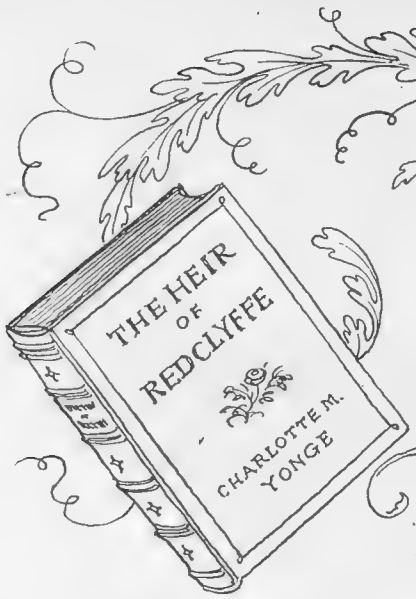
How To Deal With The Two Most Intractable Items Of Holiday Luggage



THE three basic rules of packing are well known and can be relied upon to deal successfully with most items of the holiday luggage. First, everything should be collected together before a single item is stowed away so that they can be packed in the correct order. Secondly, the order of packing should be: heavy or bulky items at the bottom of the case; then woollies and other "uncrushables"; next suits; and last of all, on top, the light dresses, each layer levelled off with paper before starting on the next. The last and most important rule is that a sheet of tissue paper between each fold of material and round each item will prevent undue creasing and damage through friction. Packing a pleated skirt or a suit jacket presents special problems, however, and these pictures show the correct way of packing them.

Pleated skirts or light tulle evening dresses should be first laid flat on a table. The pleats should be pulled straight and flat, with the fullness, where necessary, arranged to one side (1). Wrap a large sheet of paper loosely round the skirt and pin the edges together (2). Now fold the skirt in half lengthways so that there is a double thickness of paper in the middle (3) and stuff the waist with tissue paper. If the skirt has to be folded in two or three in the case, insert large rolls of tissue paper in the folds.

TO pack a tailored jacket, either man's or woman's, do up the buttons and lay flat, the right side outside (1). Stuff the sleeves with tissue paper and fold one over the other (2). Now fold the bottom of the jacket over the top and lay flat in the case, covering with a sheet of tissue paper (3).



Time For Romance

J. H. B. Peel suggests some novels for your holiday reading. Some romances of the past written by women for women

"I NEVER seem to get time for reading," is a complaint that grows louder as life's pace increases. Yet communing with great intellects and rare imaginations can scarcely be set below dish washing.

For all this, summer brings holidays when most of us can find time for a deck chair and book, but what to read?

Few of us wish to stew for ever in the tepid brew of popular novels, nor—especially on holiday—to be perpetually highbrow (and perhaps bored) with the less comprehensive literary sounds. But most women, if they will confess it, find escape and pleasure in a good romance. If it should be one that takes her into that lost world where love and courtship partook of a fragrance that the era of "boy gets girl" has so recklessly thrown away, so much the better.

Heroes of more than twice life-size, heroines of unimaginable grace and virtue; lavender-scented dream worlds where Love was All and where women gave no thought to equality with men but a great deal of thought to subduing them, still find a tender if half-amused response in a woman's world where make-believe is still the most comforting of escape valves.

Here, then, in the novels of the past are books and authors to enjoy during your holiday. Nearly all of them—probably every one of them—can be had from a good public library.

The novels of Ouida (the pen-name of Louise de la Ramée) enjoyed a vast vogue in their own day. Now we read them for a laugh at their expense. Ouida has a strange streak of the schoolgirl and the servant mentality. Her novels are set in high society (of which she knew nothing) and more particularly among sporting males (of which, to judge from the books, she knew, if that were possible, even less).

All her heroes are officers. All are incredibly handsome, incredibly dissolute, incredibly brave, virile, scented, and empty-headed. They sweep women off their feet as lightly as they wager ancestral homes on dark Derby horses. *Under Two Flags* (1867) is a good introduction to this roistering woman novelist. Here are worlds far removed from reality, but great fun.

THE HEIR OF REDCLYFFE, published in 1856 by Charlotte Yonge, that amazingly prolific writer of the love story—she has something like a hundred and twenty novels to her credit—is a typical example of the romance of the classic era of English prosperity, snobbery and luxurious ease. This intricately woven love story of two sisters and their incredibly handsome and heroic swains is a perfect period piece and competent enough to bring tears and sighs even to the most modern woman reader.

MARY ELIZABETH BRADDON, who was born as long ago as 1837, but did not die until 1915, was a writer of first-rate romantic thrillers, which are all the more piquant for being set in Victorian England, before telephones and flying squads were everyday occurrences. In 1862 she published *Lady Audley's Secret*, which I recommend as a mystery tale. Unlike modern thrillers, it deals with human beings, not with puppets invented to play an improbable plot.

If your taste runs to ghostly novels you will enjoy Mrs. Oliphant's *A Beleaguered City*, published in 1880. Here the scene is the French town of Semur, in the department of Haute Bourgogne, which is terrified—and at length mesmerized—by a return of the spirits of the dead. The same author's *Salem Chapel* is a powerful evocation of love and hatred, of prudery and piety, in a dissenting community of rural England.

FOR stronger meat, too, there is Mrs. Marsh Caldwell's *Chronicles of Dartmoor*, a loosely knit narrative of love and hatred in a village "deeper in the moor than Chagford." This is strong meat indeed—not in the censor's sense, but because the life of the moor in those days was urgent, harsh, violent, and—like the moor itself—shot with rifts of rugged beauty. Here is no pretty-pretty country saga by a week-end journalist, but the stuff of life itself, set down by one who had observed it at first hand.

LASTLY there is Susan Edmundstone Ferrier, whose chief novels are *Marriage* (1818), *The Inheritance* (1824), and *Destiny* (1831). Each of this trio is set in genteel or noble surroundings in the far North. Each tells a good love story well. Each paints a rustic background adroitly.

Here, then, are novels written by women for women. Not the least of their merits is the light they shed upon the habits and outlook of a dead generation. To enter that world, after our own, is like entering a glade in August. It has its defects, but they seem less glaring than our own.

CS

The Mechanics of Comfort

Small mechanical defects around the house add up to much irritation. Here is a room-to-room list of gadgets which can add a lot to the tranquillity of domestic life.

THE HALL. Stair carpet should be fixed with holders that facilitate cleaning and look comely. A stair-carpet holder of the spring grip-type combines these two necessary qualities. These grips, in polished white metal or bronze finish, are easily installed and automatically adjust themselves to the thickness of the carpet.

Rising hinges on doors opening over fitted carpets save jamming doors and wear to the carpets. The cost is small and fitting easy.

Burglar-proof locks on vulnerable doors and windows mean peace of mind at a much lower cost than a burglary. There are good thief-proof locks which are unobtrusive and simple to fit to all types of doors and windows.

Draughts being, on the whole, a more tangible menace than burglars, doors and windows, particularly in the hall, should be fitted with draught-excluders that really do the job without jamming. Permanent draught-proofing with patent metal-strip equipment repays the initial cost of installation in the saving of fuel.

THE KITCHEN. In this room, more than any, a good, clear light for working in is a " must." A new-type electric bulb, constructed on a " Whitelight " technique, gives a softer, clearer light for the same price as an ordinary bulb.

Electricity has another contribution to the kitchen, in air-conditioning. A small ozonising unit, similar in appearance to a midget radio, keeps the air sweet and freshened throughout cooking. To complement this device, a spring door-closer shuts the kitchen door unaided however many times you pass to and fro.

THE BATHROOM. A hot towel-rail adds to bath-time luxury and gas-heated towel-rails can be installed in almost any bathroom. There are two types available now, one finished in cream enamel and another streamlined in chromium, which combine space-heating and drying facilities at a running cost of about a penny a day.

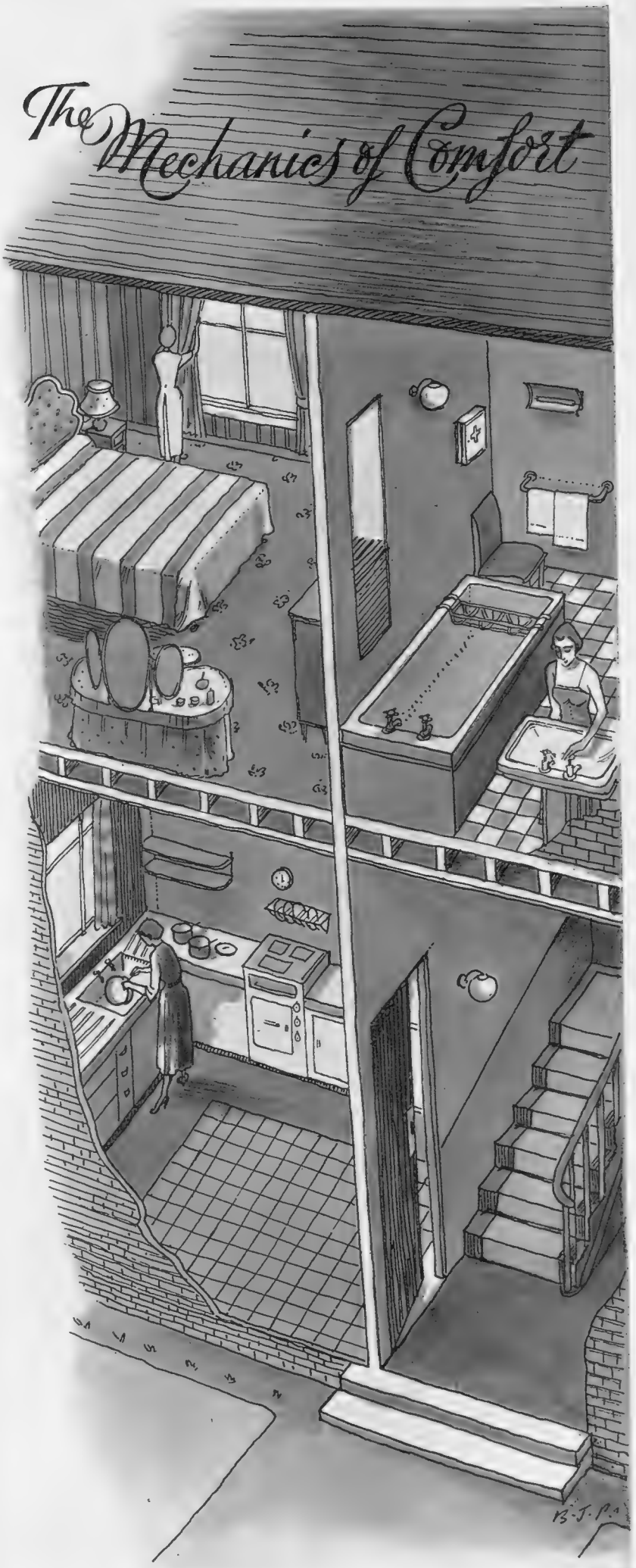
Finish with the nuisance of dripping taps and the frustration of waiting for the plumber by fitting an up-to-date tap on which the washer can be changed in a minute without even turning off the water supply. You can have mixer or anti-splash taps as you prefer.

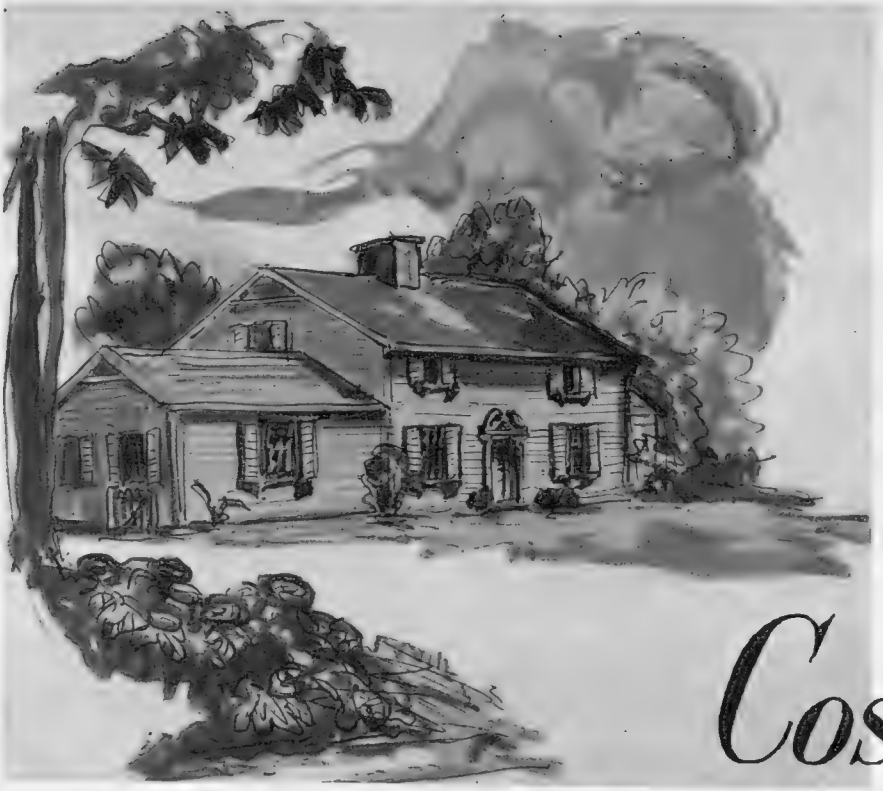
BEDROOM. A remote-control adaptor-switch enables the fire to be turned on and off from the bedside and ensures cold-weather comfort.

Smooth-working castors on heavy furniture are inexpensive and labour-saving. The dome type has advantages over the wheel castor, as they are less likely to damage either the furniture or the floor covering. Once fitted, they last virtually for ever and, being invisible, do not upset the proportion of the furniture. They save great effort in moving furniture to clean.

Too many of us know the frustration of curtain tracks which do not work smoothly. Curtains which don't pull easily or which sag on their runners are a needless nuisance in the bedroom or elsewhere. The cost of an efficient curtain track is small compared with the comfort involved. Some are made in chromium plate. Still better ones are fitted with a cord which parts the curtains with a single movement.

Send stamped envelope if you would like more details of any of these Easier-Life gadgets.





(1) PENNSYLVANIA

Wherever it may be found the little house has interest as the symbol of an International domestic mode of life. Here are some comparative examples of the . . .

(5) SPANISH

Cosmopolitan

(2) SWEDEN

IN the Atlantic states of America the clapboard house is the most ubiquitous of dwellings. A Pennsylvanian cottage (1) separates the kitchen from the main structure in a single-storey wing at one side. (2) Cottage in the trees : a Swedish post-war design, with a sleeping balcony outside the main bedroom. (3) A one-storey Italian four-roomed house, with all windows facing into a covered loggia on the right. The house is pink-washed and the window seen at the rear and decorative niche beside the main door are painted imitations. (4) Week-end lake retreat, New Jersey, U.S.A. Foundations and chimney are of quarry stone ; the rest is rough-sawn cypress. (5) Spanish cottage among the pines. Four bedrooms, estancia and kitchen, with a garage in the rear. (6) Californian ranch-house. A one-storey building forms one side of a patio. The two remaining sides are formed by walls, complete with shuttered windows, which complete a sun-trap. (7) Villa in the south. The sun-drenched terrace of a small house on the French Mediterranean coast. (8) Cottage on a Swiss mountain slope. (9) A modern English cottage, traditionally thatched.

(4) NEW JERSEY

(3) ITALIAN

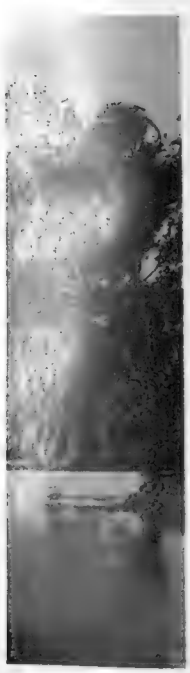
Cottage

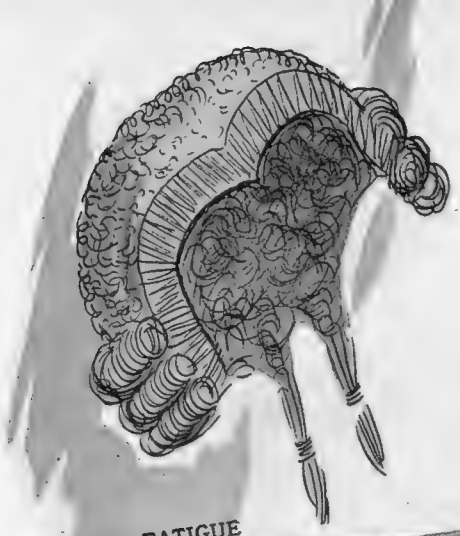
(7) CÔTE D'AZUR

5) CALIFORNIA

(8) SWITZERLAND

(9) ENGLISH





Case for the

Here, on your behalf, we take the defence of new equipment

EFFICIENCY v. FATIGUE

THERE are few homes in which up-to-date equipment will not yield a valuable bonus in comfort and efficiency. Installation of new equipment, however, involves expenditure which in some cases only will be rewarded by long-term economies.

AGAINST the heavy installation costs of a solid-fuel cooker and boiler, the enormous saving in running expenses makes the soundest argument of all. By achieving 100 per cent. utilisation of fuel, a heat-retention cooker will not only provide cooking and water-heating facilities, but will also give ancillary convection heating throughout the house and open-fire warmth in the kitchen, all for the equivalent upkeep of one ordinary fire. The labour-saving, cleanliness and precision-temperature cooking of the cooker illustrated are cogent arguments in themselves in favour of the model illustrated on left.

HOT WATER v. COLD

LONG-TERM economy again provides the main argument for the installation of a regulo-controlled gas-heated hot-water system, for by means of an automatic device the water is maintained at a predetermined temperature with no wastage of fuel. Storage hot-water systems have been proved more economical in use than the instantaneous single-point hot-water appliances which are usually relied upon to provide auxiliary hot water in the summer months. In the case of the system pictured on the far left, the complete unit comprising heater and storage water-tank can be housed in a cupboard.

GOOD COOKING v. BAD

EASY to clean, good to look at and a joy to cook with, a new gas cooker has recommendations of both performance and appearance to defend it. If more practical pleas are required to justify the extravagance of replacing an outmoded cooker by a new one, details in the construction of the cooker shown, include a specially tight-fitting oven door, a single oven burner and simmer-point boiling burners which combine to save fuel, four therms in the new cooker doing the work of five therms in the old.

COMFORT v. BACKACHE.

ONLY those who have to spend long hours at the sink will appreciate that a labour-saving sink needs no learned counsel to plead its cause. Statisticians have proved that a badly-planned kitchen adds miles to the distance walked by the housewife in her daily routine, with consequent waste of energy and resultant fatigue. The enamelled, steel-topped sink illustrated is a complete kitchen unit in itself with compartments fitted with special garbage receptacles, dish-cloth drying-racks, wire mesh pot-racks, cutlery drawer, etc. The sink has a special large outlet with combined cup stopper and strainer which can be easily removed and a swivel-neck faucet designed with a view to easy cleaning. The unit is set flush with the floor, again to facilitate cleaning, but has a 4-in. " toe-space " for easy working.

Defence

up the case for for the home

LEISURE v. LABOUR

WARMTH v. OPEN GRATE

ÆSTHETICS v. COSTS

ADVOCACY of the open grate has more than anything else helped to earn the English home its deserved reputation of cold comfort. The enormous increase in comfort which a slow-combustion stove affords is the soundest argument to bring to bear against this stubborn prejudice. These stoves provide day and night warmth with a low fuel consumption and a minimum of maintenance. The stove illustrated makes concession to the English tastes by providing sliding doors which, when opened, produce at least the illusion of an open fire.

THE commonest argument of costliness against a washing machine is no longer valid since the smaller, less expensive machines are now making their appearance. The outlay of £31 5s. for a small domestic washer will be rapidly recouped by a saving in laundry bills. The machine above takes a load of 3½ lb. at each wash. In practical terms, this means that one large double sheet, two pillow-cases, a medium-sized towel and one shirt and collar can all be washed together. As far as current consumption is concerned, a cotton wash takes four minutes, a silk wash only one minute, so that after the initial outlay expenses are nominal.

MODERN trend in interior design pleads its own cause for fitted cupboards. In these days of cramped accommodation, a place for everything and everything in its place finds a practical expression in fitted storage units. Built-in fitted cupboards, either in the living-rooms to take glass and china, etc., or in the bedrooms and landings for linen, can be said to improve the value of the property, although the house-proud will find such amenities ample justification in themselves. Cost of built-in cupboards will, of course, vary with circumstances, but the figure of £23 minimum is a good basis for calculations.

A CASE for the modernisation of the kitchen cannot be pleaded on any other grounds than æsthetic appeal. To replace an adequate but out-moded kitchen by a scientifically-designed, labour-saving one is a costly undertaking, but, to the housewife who spends more time in this room than anywhere else in the house, it is only justice that she should have pleasant and attractive surroundings to work in. Modernisation need not take the form of streamlined efficiency unless you want it that way. The kitchen photographed above shows one way, at least, of blending modern functionalism and traditional charm.

ORDER v. MUDDLE

Questions of the Hour

Questions from our postbag answered. If equipment or decoration, write, enclosing Editor, Women's Section, "Britannia

FURNITURE

I would like to buy a small Queen Anne writing-desk. How much should I have to pay for one—not an heirloom but something pretty?

It may be a paradox, but the smaller antique furniture is more expensive than the larger pieces. And at the moment, walnut fetches the highest prices. Your small Queen Anne writing-desk would cost you anything from £350 to £500, although you might be lucky enough to find a cottage piece for less. But you can find very pleasant later writing-tables and secretaires in mahogany for under £100, and even some attractive pieces of no particular period for, say, £20 to £50.

I am furnishing a one-room flat, and my problem is to find a combined dressing-table and chest of drawers that doesn't look "bedroomy." Can you suggest anything—not too expensive?

There is a very practical chest of drawers, designed for a one-room flat or a bed-sitting-room that gives you a writing-table as well as a dressing-table. The front of the top drawer is hinged so that when you pull it out it drops flat with the bottom of the drawer. On one side there is a lid, which you raise to show a mirror, and divisions for cosmetics and toilet things. They can be kept out of sight with the lid down when you are using the other half of the drawer, which is fitted as a writing-desk. You can get your knees well under, so it is comfortable to sit at. The chest has three drawers for clothes, and so on, and, of course, you can put a lamp, flowers, books, or what you will, on the top. It is made in oak and the price is £21.

We are starting our married life in a small flat, but we hope to be able to buy a house in a year or two. Can you suggest any furniture which will be suitable now, and in our house when we get it?

A few manufacturers are making furniture which can be used for different purposes. There are some small tables with two or more drawers in one row that can be used as writing-tables, side tables for a dining-room, or they can have mirrors fitted to them to turn them into dressing-tables. These pieces are part of a range of a new kind of unit furniture, where complete pieces can be built upwards. You can turn a sideboard into a tallboy with the addition of a chest of drawers or another cupboard, or fit two chests of drawers on top of each other. The side table looks well with a cupboard on top as a china cupboard. Variations are endless, so you can be sure that anything you buy for your small flat will find a place in your house, and as your family grows. These pieces are in good contemporary design, beautifully made, and the prices are utility.

DECORATION

Are the new ever-glaze materials really suitable for chair-covers?

Yes, certainly. All types of everglaze can be made into loose covers. The heavier materials are suitable for the tailored, close-fitting type of cover, but if you have a frilly one in mind, get one of the thinner ones. This everglaze material is a chintz with a thin plastic glaze. It washes without needing to be re-calendered.

I would like to have wallpaper in my sitting-room as distemper seems so bare, but papers of good design seem expensive.

Instead of papering all four walls you will find that paper on the fireplace wall only can be most effective. Have it put either over the whole of this wall, or only in the alcoves each side of the chimney-breast. In this way you can get away with a bold design. In any case, too indefinite a pattern might look like the distemper on the other three walls, which should match the background of your paper, or pick out its predominating colour. Papering the wall behind the bed in a bedroom is another way of making a little paper go far.

EQUIPMENT

Is it possible to bottle vegetables at home? I have had great success with bottling fruit and would like to experiment with vegetables now.

The bottling of vegetables at home cannot be done by the simple methods used for

you have any problems relating to furnishing, a stamped and addressed envelope, to The and Eve," 1 New Oxford Street, W.C.1

fruit-bottling, and it should not be attempted without a pressure cooker to ensure safe sterilising.

The latest Prestige cooker with the three-way pressure-valve gives you pressures of 5 lb., 10 lb. and 15 lb. The 10-lb. pressure is the one for vegetable bottling, and you can do fruit and tomatoes at 5-lb. pressure.

There are two sizes in this pressure saucepan. The smaller takes five 1-lb. jam jars or three preserving jars of the kilner type, while with the larger one, called the Hi-dome, you can do three 2-lb. jars of the improved kilner or Sutcliffe type, or four 2-lb. jam jars at a time. You can use the pressure saucepan for ordinary cooking as well, of course. A canning machine is a sound proposition.

Is there any way in which I can make use of my saucepans (bought for a gas stove) on my new electric stove ?

There is a new type of element, called the sheathed radiant element, on which any type of saucepan can be used. It has other advantages as well—you get visible red heat, and it can be fitted with a simmering control. These elements can be fitted to new or old electric cookers.

These summer Sundays I wish I could put the dinner in the oven early and go out for the whole morning. But the joint only takes 1½ hours, so I can't get away until about 11.30.

If you have an electric cooker, your problem is solved, because you can now get a time-control device that will switch on the oven for you at any time you like, run for as long as you set it, and switch itself off again. It has other uses, too. You can have one attached to an electric fire in your bedroom and set it to switch it on before you wake up. But if you have a gas cooker or a solid-fuel cooker, why not vary the traditional joint with a casserole dish which can be cooked for hours, very slowly ?

Molly Hales' article on beds in the June issue made me realise that my pillow is never really comfortable because my head seems to sink right into the middle of it.

You should try the Ariel pillow, which has only just come into the shops. It is made in three sections, with the middle piece, where your head goes, higher than the sides. An under pillow, shaped like a small mattress, goes with it to support it.

it possible to get a length of cretonne quilted for a bedspread ?

ou can, but it is rather a luxury process. Many stores can arrange to have quilting done. Prices vary according to the quilting design, the pattern on the material, and the width. The cheapest costs round about 17s. a yard for 31-inch material and about 28s. for 48-inch. If you want quilting outlining a design, you can reckon at least another 5s. a yard for the narrower material and an extra 6s. for the wider one. The prices include the wadding backing, and orders can be completed in two to three weeks.

Is there any way of making a bedspread so that it can be easily folded away when removed for the night without crumpling too badly ?

Yes. The frill can be attached to a plain slip which is fitted over the box-mattress under the spring mattress as in the picture above. A shallow bedspread is made separately, only a little deeper than the mattress itself, so that the edge overlaps the top of the frill. At night, the top cover only is removed.

Few have room or time for a full-scale vegetable garden, but Ernest Challoner, F.R.H.S., tells of some unusual vegetables for the small garden.

Gourmets' Garden

THOUGH spring is the busiest time in the gourmet's garden, there are August operations to bring forth unusual winter dishes.

Fresh watercress is the best of all salads, but not everybody has a brook running through the garden. Nevertheless, American land cress is a fine substitute if you cut it young. Seeds can be sown now in drills half an inch deep and 1 ft. apart. It looks and tastes very much like real watercress. The plants must be well thinned-out and kept moist.

Corn salad, a delicious ingredient for salad, is sown in the same way. It is easy to grow, and adds a subtle flavour to salads. Sow now to enjoy it in the winter when other salads are scarce.

Chicory is a winter luxury crop that can be cultivated in small gardens of which you may like to take a note for sowing next June. Cut the plants down to 1 in. from the ground in September (after thinning-out to 6 ins. apart). Build a ridge of earth 10 ins. deep and 1 ft. wide over the plants, flattening the top and giving sloping sides. In this way they get blanched and frost-protected during the winter.

Chinese cabbage is little known but delicious, and can be used fresh in salad, in November, or hot with meat during the winter. The easiest to grow is Pe-Tsai. Seeds can be sown now like ordinary cabbage, but need much watering and should be thinned 10 ins. apart in October.

The black Spanish radish, a large and luscious delicacy, is a newcomer for winter salads and is good in curries. The seeds, sown now and thinned-out to 8 ins. when handleable, give very appetising winter crops.

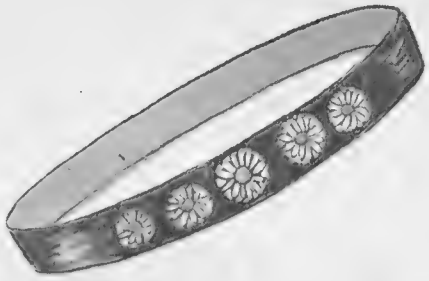
Few English people realise how easy it is to grow that delicacy so widely enjoyed in France—the globe artichoke. Good plants are about 1s. each and should be put into the ground in autumn. They need to be 3 ft. apart, as they spread widely.

ONE of the easiest-to-grow unusual fruits is the Alpine strawberry. Bushes go into the ground in early autumn and are interesting because of the profusion of fruits, special flavours, and simplicity of cultivation. The best types are Laxton's Improved, Mont Rosa and Belle de Meaux. They fruit right through the summer and autumn, need no strawing or nets, and are very hardy. Two things are necessary if you want largish fruits—good enrichment of soil before planting, and plenty of watering. In September white raspberries can be planted. They are called Yellow Antwerp, and have a flavour far beyond the ordinary red ones. The best varieties are Trinder's Golden Hornet and Bryne's Apricot.

The corn-cob fresh from the garden to the breakfast table is a necessary part of the gourmet's garden. Once this luxury depended entirely on a hot English summer; but now the John Innes Hybrid Sugar Cane is a seed produced by the famous research station to suit our uncertain climate. Seeds sown in early May produce really good cobs at the end of the summer. Of course, they should grow in a sheltered, sunny spot.

It is surprising how few people know the value of chives as an onion flavour. It is easy to grow and carries none of the implications, digestive or social, associated with the common onion. It may be introduced to hot dishes as well as salads. Flat-dwellers make it flourish in window-boxes, but it grows best in a shady corner of the garden. Clumps of this herb can be planted now, and so can all the other herbs. But it is more economical to establish a herb garden by seed-sowing in the spring. A touch of these garden treasures makes all the difference to soups, casserole dishes and omelettes.

So discover for yourself the deep pleasures of cultivating and bringing to perfection some of these unusual vegetables and fruits.



Flower Of Fashion

Paris Has Picked The Daisy As The Favourite Flower Of Summer. Here Are Seven Ways To Use It

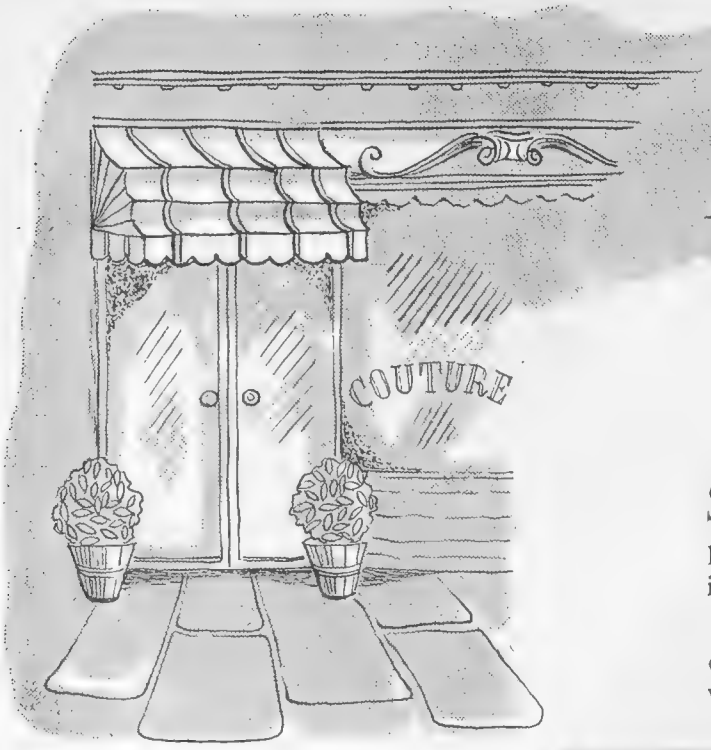
Single daisies graduated in size sewn on a fabric belt

Large, shaggy blossoms, yellow centred to fasten in the hair or on each side of a little velvet cap

Flat white ones under a severe brimmed sailor

Black velvet lapels and a V outlined with daisies

A cartwheel felt, a cut-out crown filled with a daisy sewn on net



How good is your DRESS

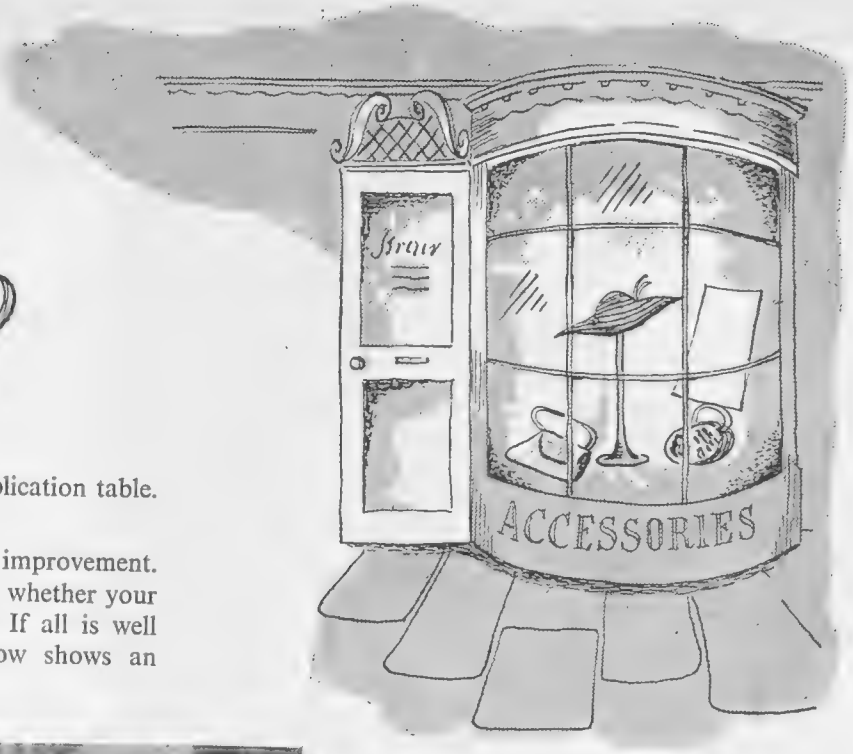
SOME women are born with dress sense, others go through life happy in the conviction that they have it, whereas the onlookers know it to be otherwise. Self-assurance is a priceless faculty when it is united with a capacity to see ourselves as others see us.

The ability to dress well within the limitations of our pockets depends to some extent upon a natural eye for beauty, but those who doubt their own judgment can be assured that good taste

1. In selecting a new garment, in which order of importance do you put the following factors: Current fashion; personal social needs, the relationship with your existing wardrobe; the mood of the moment?
2. You have a navy suit and the following white accessories to go with it—hat, blouse, gloves, handbag and shoes. Which of these accessories would you use and for which would you substitute navy blue?
3. You are five foot four with forty-inch hips and you have to choose between a hat with a shoulder-span brim and another with a small brim or none at all. Which is better?
4. Do you consider black "safe" irrespective of natural colouring?
5. When you choose a new length of material for a dress is your selection influenced by the on-the-spot appeal of a pretty colour? Yes or No.
6. If the answer to the former question is "no," name three considerations which guide your choice.
7. Your natural colouring is indeterminate. Do you on this account feel that almost any colour suits you?
8. You are tall above the average and lack curves. Should you restrict yourself to tailored outfits which make no concessions to feminine fussiness?
9. Of middle height you are inclined to hip-spread. Should you wear wide, full skirts to distract attention from your hips, or straight, narrow skirts to lengthen your silhouette?
10. In deciding a skirt length, which is the consideration that counts most: current fashion or that which is most individually becoming?

The pictures show how Christian Dior, the master of fashion, achieves a supreme elegance with a walking outfit, and a black formal afternoon suit (right) basically simple enough for any practical woman's wear

SENSE ?



follows a set of rules as easy to master as the multiplication table. Art merely provides the subtleties.

To know one's limitations is a first step to improvement. This questionnaire set by a fashion expert will show whether your judgment is sound or in need of improvement. If all is well you should score the maximum. Any score below shows an imperfect knowledge of basic principles.

11. Which of these two factors do you consider contributes most to a successful well-dressed appearance—to wear what other fashionable people are wearing or to adhere to individual taste?

12. Assuming that there are rigid limits to your expenditure on clothes, which of the following economies do you approve: (1) strict limitation of variety in the wardrobe; (2) the same number of garments but cheaper; (3) cheaper and fewer accessories?

13. If you were given the choice, would you expect to add more *cachet* to your appearance with valuable jewellery not specifically chosen or less costly pieces individually chosen for each outfit?

14. Ten minutes after you have seen another woman looking conspicuously well-dressed, can you itemize the clothes and colours she was wearing and give constructive reasons why the result was pleasing?

15. When you plan an outfit do you visualize the finished effect as it will appear on yourself or do you call up a picture of somebody you saw in something similar?

16. Your choice lies between continuing with last year's good coat combined with a new hat and accessories, or a new coat and your existing hat and accessories. Which would you choose to show the best results?

17. A busy and not very social life demands a practical and economical wardrobe. Which of these alternatives do you think will best serve the interests of good taste, variety and economy, in that order: (1) A one-colour wardrobe with alternating accessories; (2) some ring-the-change outfits with one basic set of accessories for all; (3) a "play-safe" policy of matching colours throughout?

For the answers to these questions see page 75

Twenty Rows Of Pattern—

The Rest Stocking Stitch

ABBREVIATIONS: K. = knit; p. = purl; rep. = repeat; D. = dark; L. = light; sts. = stitches; st.st. = stocking stitch; beg. = beginning; patt. = pattern; inc. = increase by knitting or purling twice into same st.; dec. = decrease by taking two stitches together; ins. = inches.

MATERIALS: 4 oz. Wendy 3-ply Super Botany in dark; 3 oz. Wendy 3-ply Super Botany in light; knitting needles Nos. 9, 10 and 13; press studs.

MEASUREMENTS: Length from shoulder, 20½ ins.; width all round at underarm, 34 ins.; sleeve seam, 3¼ ins.

TENSION: 7½ sts. to the inch over stocking stitch, worked with No. 10 needles.

THE BACK

USING No. 13 needles and D. cast on 120 sts. and work in k. 1, p. 1, rib for 3 ins. Change to No. 10 needles and continue in st.st. inc. at each end of every 8th row 5 times (130 sts.). Continue straight until work measures 13 ins. from the cast-on edge, then shape armholes by casting off 9 sts. at the beg. of the next 2 rows and dec. at each end of the following 5 rows. Dec. at the beg. only of the next row (101 sts.). Change to No. 9 needles and yoke patt. thus:

1st row (right side of work).—K.: D.2, L.3, * L.3, D.6, L.3; rep. from * to end.

2nd row.—P.: * L.5, D.2, L.5; rep. from * to last 5, L.5.

3rd row.—K.: D.3, L.2, * D.1, L.5, D.4, L.2; rep. from * to end.

4th row.—P.: * L.2, D.2, L.5, D.2, L.1; rep. from * to last 5, L.2, D.2, L.1.

5th row.—K.: L.1, D.4, * L.3, D.2, L.3, D.4; rep. from * to end.

6th row.—P.: * D.3, L.3, D.1, L.5; rep. from * to last 5, D.3, L.2.

(*Continued on page 76*)

Berry Stitch Sweater

MATERIALS: 5 oz. of La Laine's Super Fingering, 3-ply; 1 pair each of No. 9 and No. 12 knitting needles; press studs and crochet hook for shoulder opening if desired.

MEASUREMENTS: Bust (worked on No. 9 needles at a tension of 7 sts. to 1 in.), 35½ ins.; length, 20½ ins.

THE BACK

WITH No. 12 needles cast on 106 sts. Work 5 ins. in k. 1, p. 1 rib. Change to No. 9 needles and patt.: **1st row.**—K. 1, * k. into back, front and back of next st. (making 3 loops on right needle), k. 3 tog.; rep. from * to end, finishing k. 1. **2nd row.**—P. **3rd row.**—K. 1, * k. 3 tog., k. into back, front and back of next st.; rep. from * to end, finishing k. 1. **4th row.**—P.

These 4 rows form patt. and are repeated throughout.

Note. In shaping, each 3-into-1 "berry" st. is counted as 1 st. only, not as 3. Inc. 1 st. at both ends of 5th and every 8th row following, 9 times in all (124), taking extra sts. into patt. as they come.

When work is 13 ins. from cast-on edge, measured on the straight, and finishing after a p. row shape armholes.

Cast off 4 on next 4 rows (108) and dec. 1 st. at both ends of next 3 rows (102) and next 4 alternate rows (94). Continue without further dec. until work is 20 ins. from cast-on edge, measured on the straight and finishing after a p. row.

To shape the shoulders cast off 10 on each of next 6 rows. Leave last 34 on safety-pin or stitch-holder for back neck.

THE FRONT.

Work this exactly like the back until (*Continued on page 76*)

Revel In The Rain

RAINWEAR has come up to fashion level so fast that it is hard to believe that such pretty coats have such a practical function.

Valstar make the three coats at the top. A rubberized rayon with pink stripes on white, about eight guineas; a floral patterned rayon with a matching head scarf is about nine guineas; and a rayon with white spots on blue, about eight guineas. Dannimac, gaberdine, below, is in five alternative colours, about eight pounds nine and sixpence.

Send a stamped envelope for particulars of retailers to Women's Section, BRITANNIA AND EVE, 1 New Oxford Street, London, W.C.1.

More Than

Skin Deep

SKINS cannot lie. A clear, unblemished complexion is more than a gift of nature, it is the mirror of good health. The skin, in other words, is the outward reflection of health within.

The skin which we tend to treat with such disrespect is in fact one of the more delicately constructed organisms of the body.

The top layer, known as the epidermis, consists of dead cells, shed every so often and replaced by more from beneath.

Beneath this lies the true skin, the dermis which is a delicate network of nerves and blood vessels. In the deeper layer of the dermis are the hair follicles and sebaceous glands which supply a natural grease for lubricating the hair and the skin. All these particles, nerves, blood vessels and glands, are composed of elements originally supplied and nourished by the things we eat.

IT is clear, then, that diet plays a vital part in skin health: thus a digestive upset—perhaps with no obvious symptoms—brings an outbreak of some kind on the skin. If all is not well with the liver the skin becomes yellow as in jaundice. Congestion in the intestinal tract—constipation, in other words—causes discoloration, sallowness, boils and eruptions. Even a nervous condition is known to affect the skin.

FINE skins are naturally more sensitive than coarse ones and require extra protection. Rough materials and wools may sometimes cause irritation; they are more sensitive to wind and sun and tend to dryness and premature wrinkles unless frequently fed and lubricated.

THE coarser skin with open pores is generally more prone to surface troubles. External treatments for blemishes are mere palliatives. The remedy must come from inside. Therefore diet should be considered before anything.

AS the years go by certain glandular re-adjustments take place. The skin inclines to wither and wrinkle. To maintain the suppleness of the skin constant external lubrication is essential. A good feeding cream with massage is the only way. Massage stimulates the flow of life-giving blood to the tiny capillaries under the surface of the skin, upon which the good colouring and clearness of a healthy condition ultimately depends.

Join Hands With

Beauty

Hands should and can be one of the most telling individual features of beauty. This will tell you how to improve and perfect your own

LOVELY hands are as expressive of beauty as a face, as appealing as a voice. Industrious, capable though they may be they are a symbol of charming femininity.

Hands that are naturally lovely in contour are a priceless asset. Even hands that fall short of perfection can be improved by care.

To begin with, if your hands are white, smooth-skinned, perfectly groomed and delicately tipped, your awareness of this added beauty will encourage you to use them gracefully.

Try a daily exercise to improve their shape. It is quite simple: Describe a figure of eight with the fingers of one hand. Stretch the fingers out from the wrist as you describe the figure. Repeat the exercise twenty times with each hand. Shake the fingers and rub them together hard to stimulate the circulation.

Circulation is a vital factor in hand beauty. Scrubbing with a good bristle nail brush and a rich lather of good quality soap has two purposes. It cleans the skin and stimulates the circulation. Afterwards massage a good lubricant into the skin. Lanoline is probably as good as any. There are two good new products based on lanoline, one for night use and a barrier cream to apply before hand-soiling tasks.

SHAPELY, well-kept nails are inseparable from hand beauty. Before we consider the decorative touches, look to the health of your nails.

Nails that break easily are often caused by wrong methods of filing. A tapering point is naturally more vulnerable than one that is filed across. If your nails are exposed to the rough usage of housework, avoid the tapered edge. A shorter nail, beautifully groomed, is just as attractive and more so than a tapered one indifferently kept. Never file down into the corners below the free edge of the nail, nor probe under the nail with a sharp instrument. A good nail brush used frequently should keep the undernail clean. Scratching the under-surface with a sharp probe scores the surface and encourages dirt to settle in the grooves.

SPLITTING and brittle nails are usually caused by some deficiency in the diet. Nervous and glandular disturbances may also be at the root of the matter. I have known of several cases where a course of vitamin C tablets has wrought a great improvement, but in all cases stimulating the circulation to the finger tips by massage with a good lubricant is a help.

The popularity of nail lacquer—the dismay which its almost total disappearance brought during the war—shows it to be one of the most effective of feminine vanities—nail colour on well-kept nails is as exciting as it is horrifying to see when badly applied and indifferently kept.

A WELL-KNOWN cosmetician has recently produced a nail lacquer in this country, long popular in the United States, which disposes of most of the defects which make the applications of ones own nail varnish such a tricky operation. This new lacquer, which is made in nine shades, applies easily and flows smoothly. It dries fast (a point busy women will approve) and sets hard.

My special commendation goes to the Chen Yu brush which really does its job efficiently and does not moult. I personally put much reliance upon a good brush to get a perfect finished effect without the frustrations which go with smudging and fishing for loose hairs. The base, Twincote —made to complement this new lacquer —has the double purpose of adhering more readily to the nail surface than the coloured lacquer and gives a higher lustre.

By the way, common cause of chipping is application of the lacquer over nails not completely dry or with traces of oil or soap on them. Nails must be absolutely dry and free from grease before the lacquer is applied.

NAILS that tend to be too broad are slenderised by not painting completely to the sides. Leave a little space on either side and the nail takes on a more slender look.

Remove old lacquer completely to get a perfect new finish. The professional way of removing old lacquer is to take a small piece of cotten wool saturated with remover for each finger. Place the wool on each nail and leave it for a few minutes before pulling it firmly down to the tip.

Health and Beauty by Chrysis

If you want help with your beauty problems, write to me at "Britannia & Eve," Commonwealth House, 1 New Oxford Street, W.C.1, enclosing a stamped, addressed envelope.

Tipped For Summer

ABOUT this time even town dwellers begin to acquire a gentle tan. Winter make-up then reminds us that it is time to change our cosmetic colour scheme.

There is a new shade of powder which combines a soft peach with a deep honey shade. It is perfect for the gently tanned skin and calls itself Continentale. It is particularly flattering to the pale or sallow colouring.

Another newcomer to note for your summer beauty outfit is the new "Baby-pack" face tissues now in the chemists. Neatly packed in cellophane the face tissues are normal size but folded to make a convenient sized package for the handbag. If you use tissues regularly to clean off make-up, to substitute in many ways for a hankie, the velvet Baby-pack is the answer.

Woman In Charge

ACCORDING to a leading industrialist the British business woman has come of age. "At last," he says, "she has grown into her job. She is now fit to take command and I am glad to put a woman into a position of authority."

It has been said too often in the past and with too much truth that women make bad masters. It may be said that our experience in positions of authority is as yet too limited. Women have been ruled far longer than they have been rulers.

But what *does* it take to be a good boss? What, precisely, does the woman have for whom other women are pleased to defer? What are the qualities which inspire respect and co-operation?

We are considering, remember, not merely the career woman, but the woman at home, for if she is lucky enough to employ domestic help she holds a position of authority requiring as much tact and perhaps more diplomacy than most, since the domestic sphere does not—or should not—include the arbitrary rules and regulations of an office set-up.

For an employer of domestic help to have the reputation of being "such a nice lady to work for" is not only a tribute to her charm, but a pretty fair assurance that she will get her money's worth.

Being "nice to work for" should not mean too much leniency or turning a blind eye to the dust under the beds, This is an illusory short-cut to popularity. No employee respects weakness. There is a world of difference between sympathetic forbearance and a flabby inability to command.

According to the head of a big employment agency who hears a good deal on the subjects of employer and employed in the domestic sphere, a good employer imparts to the situation a measured degree of arbitrary authority with a friendly personal relationship. To know the exact degree of each is, of course, the secret.

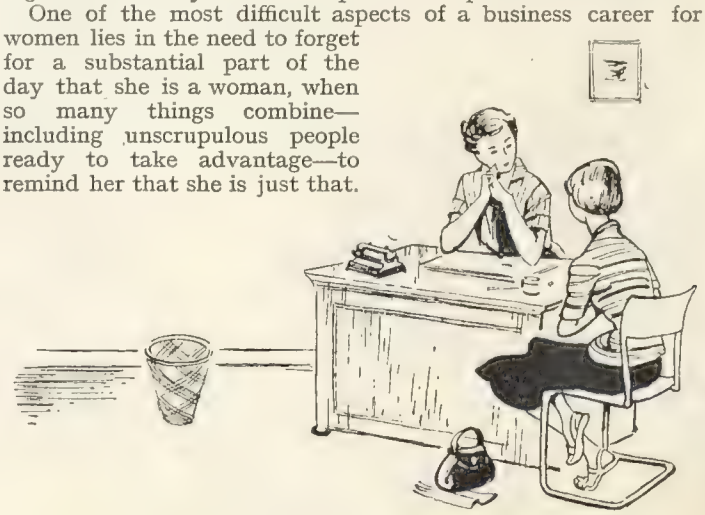
On the practical side she provides adequate equipment within the limitations of her means, studies the help as a human being to the same extent that she expects to be studied herself.

AMONG women who hold positions of authority in business a common weakness appears to be reluctance to delegate responsibility. She is often accused—and rightly—of a jealous defensiveness of her privileges. The claim that women are too highly emotional for impartial business relationships is partly justified. Impartiality is a state of mind achieved by discipline and self-searching. Fear for their hard-won independence, a deep-down sense of insecurity in this comparatively new world of responsible endeavour is behind the woman in business, sometimes obscuring her wider judgment. The tendency to view her colleagues, especially women, with suspicion as a threat to her security is an emotional weakness. Real ability lies in self-assurance which takes the fullest advantage and a pleasurable satisfaction in able assistance.

Assurance combined with tact is as indispensable to the woman in charge as technical or commercial ability. The way is fraught with problems. There is that of the woman older than herself who occupies a junior position; there is the case of the woman executive who has to exercise authority over men. Both these and other flash-points of the business relationship depend upon the respect which her ability commands and upon her capacity to discard sex during business hours and behave as an impartial human being.

ONE of the most successful woman executives in Britain stresses her own conviction that in business with men any resort to the feminine armoury is fatal. Without adopting the rather irritating "hail-fellow-well-met" or "man-to-man" attitude she feels any appeal of sex should be avoided. Men in business resent the "oh, do it for me," appeal even though an ingrained chivalry makes a superficial response.

One of the most difficult aspects of a business career for women lies in the need to forget for a substantial part of the day that she is a woman, when so many things combine—including unscrupulous people ready to take advantage—to remind her that she is just that.



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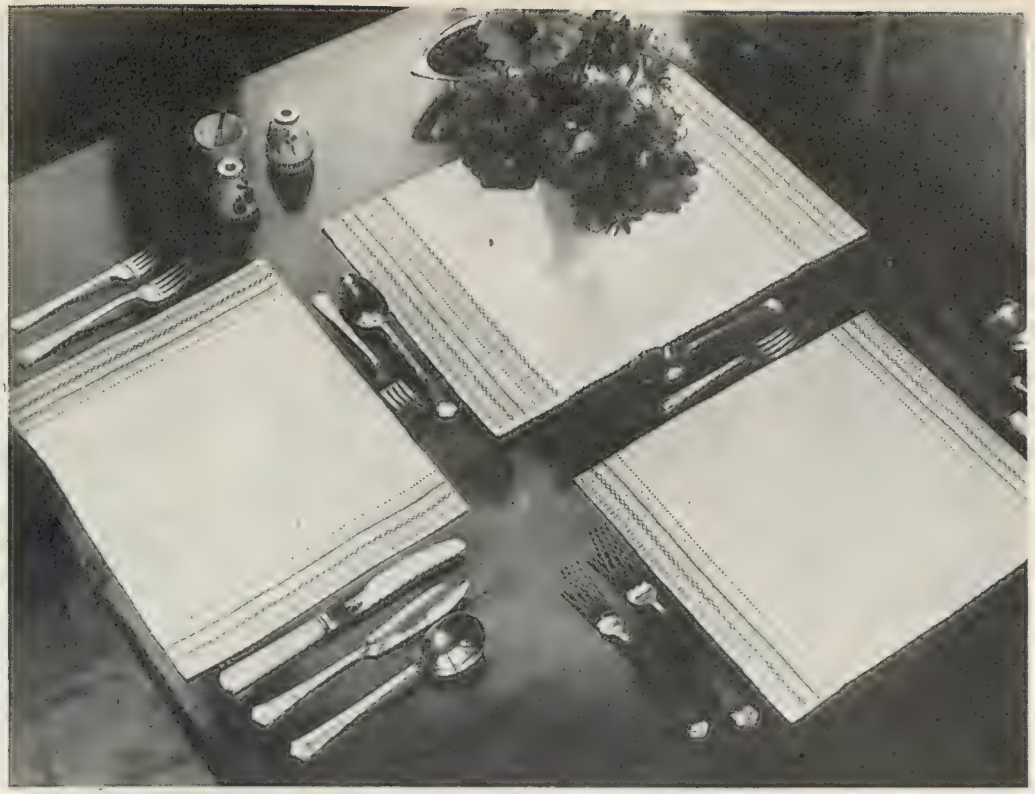


Place Mats In Pique

Crisp white pique has the advantage of being easily washed. This embroidery design in fast colours makes effective use of the natural weave of the fabric. The stitches used are simple basic ones.

Materials Required

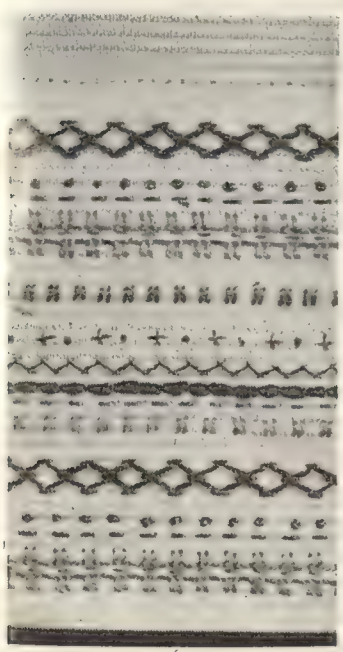
To make one large and two small mats, the materials required are ¾ yd. white pique, 36 ins. wide; 1 card Coats bias binding in white; 1 Milward's "Gold Seal" crewel needle No. 7; of Clark's "Anchor" stranded cotton, 5 skeins in magenta (850), 2 skeins in jade (523) and 1 skein in white for hemstitching and slip-stitch.

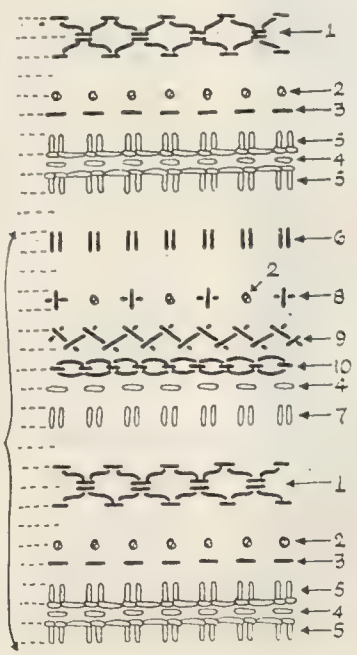
To Make Up

Cut the centre mat 25 ins. by 12½ ins. and two place mats 18 ins. by 11½ ins. with the ridges of the pique running across the narrow width of the mats. Using one strand of cotton for herringbone stitch and cross stitch and two strands of cotton for the other stitches, work the border at each end, 3½ ins. from the edge on the centre mat and 2½ ins. from the edge on the place mats.

Work border across each end, leaving ¼ in. margin at the sides, following diagram 1 and number key for embroidery. Work the deep border on the centre mat and the part in brackets on the place mats. The dotted lines at the left side of the diagram represent the pique ridges. The letters on the key indicate the stitches used and are: C—chevron stitch (see diagram 2). Figure "A" shows the first needle movement, figure "B" the second; work in the same manner at top and bottom of row. Two rows of this stitch are worked, the top line of the second row immediately under the bottom lines of the first row. F—french knots. H—herringbone stitch. A—cable chain stitch (see diagram 3). Figure "A" shows first movement, needle brought through and passed under working thread; figure "B" shows needle twisted round thread and into the material a short distance from where it first emerges, at the same time lifting a stitch with point of the needle over the working thread, hold firmly and pull through. R—running stitch. B—blanket stitch. S—straight stitch. T—cross stitch.

To complete the mats, turn back ¼ in. hem down the long sides of each mat and face with bias binding, slip stitching the inner edge. On the embroidered ends of the centre mat, turn back 3 ins., hem and hemstitch across the top on the right side without drawing the threads. Slip stitch the hem ends. Make a similar 2-in. hem on the place mats. Press the embroidery well on the wrong side.





KEY

1 = 850 – C
2 = 850 – F
3 = 850 } R
4 = 523 }
5 = 523 – B
6 = 850 } S
7 = 523 }
8 = 850 – T
9 = 850 – H
10 = 850 – A

Diagram 1.

Diagram 2.

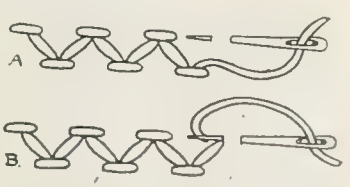
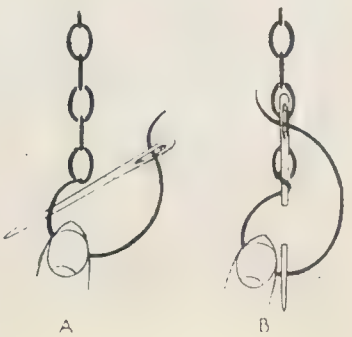
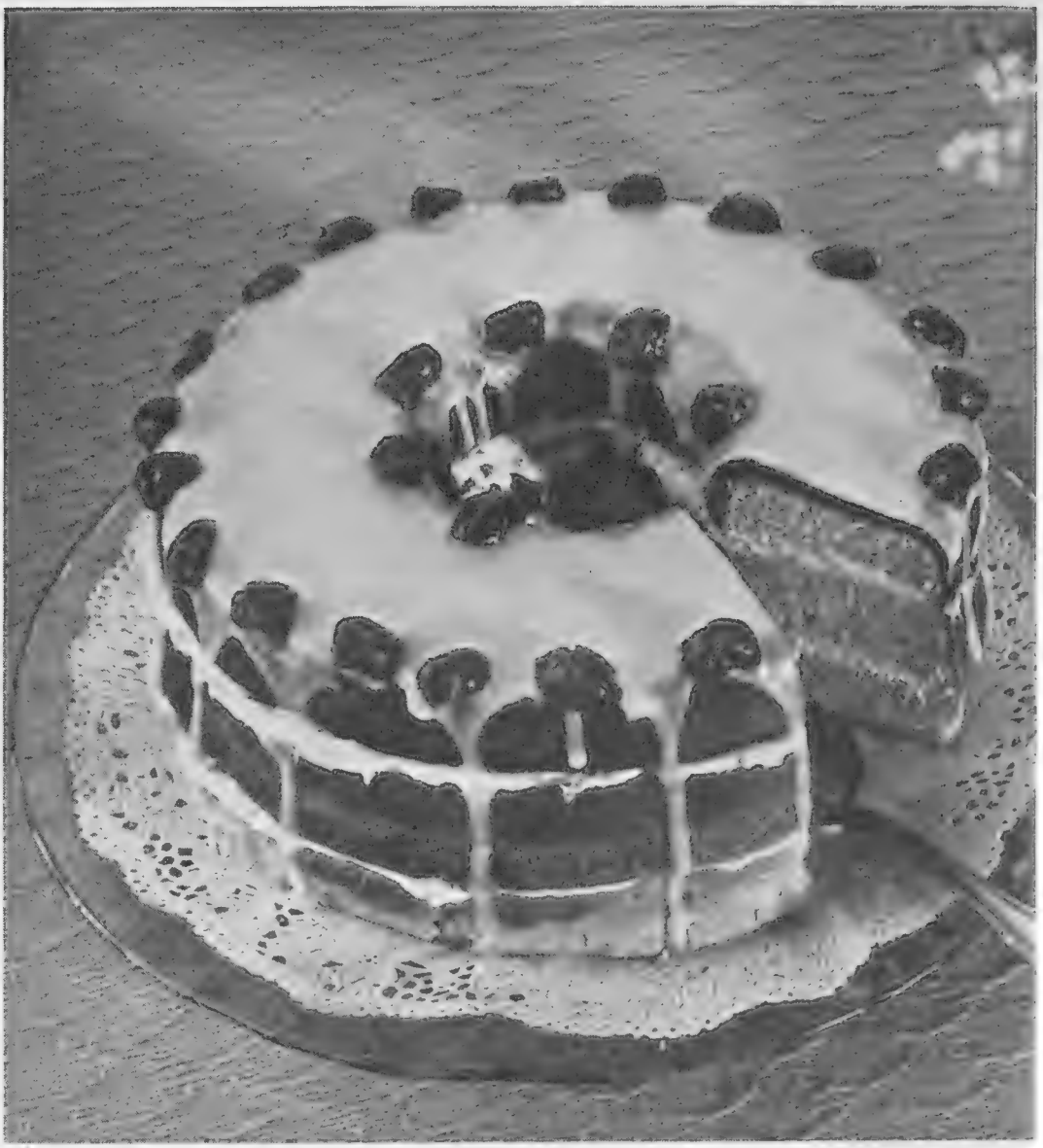


Diagram 3.



Coffee and Cake



MOCHA CAKE

"COME in for coffee" is an established form of current hospitality. Coffee and cake at any hour of the day makes a pleasant background for conversation, better still if the coffee is good.

There are many claims about methods of making coffee, but despite all arguments the secret lies less in the actual making of the brew than in the quality and freshness of the coffee and the quantities used.

Coffee freshly ground is undoubtedly the best, but if, for convenience, you use a tinned variety, keep it airtight. Before use, put the required quantity into an enamel plate and put it under the lighted grill for a few minutes. This extracts dampness and restores fragrance.

Use a heaped tablespoonful for each person. Indifferent brews have nearly always skimped the coffee. Measure the quantity of water carefully in relation to the amount of coffee used. One cupful of water to a heaped tablespoonful of coffee will produce a strong, fully-flavoured brew. Even if you dilute it with milk to taste for drinking, use the coffee abundantly at the start. A pinch of salt brings out the flavour. Pour boiling water on to the coffee, or throw the coffee into a pan of boiling water and let it stand for at least five minutes before straining.

Coffee being a pungent and slightly bitter flavour is well matched with sweet, creamy cakes, so here are four specially chosen ones to give a cachet to your coffee parties.

THREE-LAYER CAKE

Ingredients: 5 oz. margarine; 8 oz. sugar; 20 oz. self-raising flour; 4 eggs; 3 cups milk; 1 lemon peel.

Stir margarine and sugar until creamy. Add yolks of egg one by one and mix in flour and lemon peel and milk alternately. Beat white of eggs until very stiff. Mix with dough. Sprinkle a well-greased baking tin

THREE-LAYER CAKE

with flour. Put in dough. Bake in a very moderate oven for about 1 hour. Turn out on rack and leave to cool. Cut in three, spread each part with filling. Pour icing on top. When nearly dry decorate with candied fruits.

Filling.—2½ cupfuls milk; ¼ oz. custard powder; ½ oz. flour; 3 oz. butter; 3 oz. icing sugar; 1 tablespoonful candied grated orange peel; water icing. **Decoration:** 2 oz. candied fruits.

Filling : Mix custard powder and flour with a little cold milk. Stir into boiling milk; when thick boil for a minute or two. Leave to cool, stirring now and then. Cream the butter, sift in icing sugar and mix in custard mixture with a whisk, add grated orange peel. Leave in cold place until thick.

Icing : Sift icing sugar and mix with water, drop by drop, until thick.

MOCHA CAKE

Ingredients: 4 oz. margarine; 4 oz. sugar; 4 oz. flour (self-raising); ½ teaspoonful baking powder; sugar flowers and crystallized fruits; coffee essence (about a dessertspoonful); 2 eggs; coffee icing; butter icing and walnuts.

Method:

Cream margarine and sugar; beat in eggs one at a time. Beat mixture well. Add baking powder to flour and mix in. Add flavouring. Grease two sandwich tins, dust with sugar and flour mixed. Pour in mixture. Bake 35 to 40 minutes in very moderate oven, Regulo 3 or 300° F. When cold sandwich together with butter icing to which a few finely chopped walnuts have been added. Top with coffee icing. Decorate with pipings of butter icing, sugar flowers, walnuts or crystallized fruit.

ANGEL CAKE

Ingredients: 4 oz. margarine; 4 oz. sugar; 6 oz. cornflour; chocolate icing; small teaspoonful baking powder; whites of 3 eggs; lemon or other flavouring essence.

Cream margarine and sugar together and add flavouring to taste. Add baking powder to cornflour and stir lightly into mixture alternately with stiffly-whisked (*Continued on page 74*)

A Good Fruit Salad

FRUIT salad is a cool, delicious delicacy for summer, but there is far more to mixing a good one than merely throwing a variety of fruits into a bowl to blend as best they may.

Individual fruits should be tender and sweet and, of course, the effect should be colourful with small whole fruits floating in a lake of colour.

To get a good blend and a uniform sweetness, boil about 4 oz. of sugar in 1½ gills of water till syrupy (about 15 minutes). Cut the larger and harder fruits into wafer-thin slices, removing pith and stones and all hard skins. Place in a bowl with the whole small fruits. When the syrup is cool flavour with fruit juice, lemon juice, or, better still, a dash of kirsch or maraschino. If you are short of fruit, a tin of pulped apple adds body and sweetness. Pour the syrup over the mixture and leave to cool. A tin of fruit in sweetened syrup is excellent to blend with fresh fruits.

Choose fruits of a uniform ripeness to avoid the hard, tart lumps which are so disagreeable to the palate.

Sauce For The Fish

MOST fish dishes are improved by the piquancy of a good sauce. Here are a few suggestions for sauces to serve with different varieties of fish.

FOUNDATION WHITE SAUCE

This is a useful basic sauce to which can be added finely diced cucumber, and a squeeze of lemon for salmon; chopped mushrooms and a glass of white wine for sole and most white fish; a tablespoon of finely chopped fennel and juice of half a lemon which is delicious with mackerel, sole and turbot, etc.; ½ pint of picked shrimps adds to flavour for cod and fish cakes and most steamed fish.

ITALIAN SAUCE (for turbot, halibut, etc.)

Ingredients: 2 shallots or 1 small onion; 1 oz. margarine; 4 mushrooms; 1 glass of sherry or sweet white wine; ½ pint clear stock; 2 truffles; teaspoonful parsley; seasoning.

Chop onion and mushrooms and fry a few minutes in margarine. Add stock and wine and boil till vegetables are cooked. Add parsley, seasoning and chopped truffles.

CHEESE AND EGG SAUCE

For cod, hake, sole, etc. (also good with flaked Finnon haddock); ½ pint white sauce flavoured with 2 oz. grated cheese and well seasoned.

Hard boil an egg, chop small, stir into sauce at the end.

GOOSEBERRY SAUCE

Specially good with mackerel, also used for herrings.

(*Continued on page 75*)

Complimentary

The ability to pay a compliment well is a social art as endearing to behold as that of receiving one with grace

A WELL-PLACED compliment is, I truly believe, one of the most potent social devices known to mankind. The proportions of Cleopatra's nose are supposed to have been a shaping force in history; but how many times must a compliment at the right moment have had an equal power in diverting the stream of events! And, to bring the whole thing down to the level of everyday life, how many stresses might not you and I have saved ourselves had we been able to soften the difficult circumstances around us by the delicate and entirely personal gift that a compliment can be?

There are people, endowed with the priceless asset of personal charm (in my opinion, more important than either brains or beauty), who are able to make and receive compliments with natural and sincere grace. But they are few. Women, especially, often lack this accomplishment. Think of yourself. You probably appreciate the qualities of others, but how many times do you express it? I know there are some sensitive, reserved people who, for some reason, find that they freeze when required to express appreciation. King Lear's youngest daughter, Cordelia, was of this type. Asked how much she loved her father—admittedly an embarrassing question—she found that she could not express herself. Had the silly girl schooled herself in the gentle art of verbal appreciation there would have been no Tragedy of King Lear.

THERE is no virtue in this inability to speak kind phrases. No use telling yourself that you are a sincere and profound person and therefore that you despise facile flattery. Compliments are not flattery. They are part of the currency of polite intercourse, and should figure in the personality of every truly civilized person. There is rarely any need to wonder if a compliment will be acceptable—for compliments are *always* acceptable. In fact, there is no need to be self-conscious at all, especially as it is precisely self-consciousness that will prevent you from either making or receiving a compliment well. This, I suppose, is why, when you are in love, compliments to your beloved come easily to you. For the time being another person is more important to you than yourself, and the result is that your wish to please is given full play.

THE trouble about writing of such delicate things as the art of paying compliments is that one is apt to become most inappropriately laboured. This is far from my intention. There is no need to work out the complicated formulae of words, that for instance may have been fitting for the aristocratic conventions of the eighteenth century; nor, on the other hand, should you ladle out great dollops of honey. Sometimes a smile is the most gracious compliment of all; certainly a smile is often the most gracious way of receiving one. Which brings me to the question of receiving compliments.

Do you not find it rather irritating when, every time a woman is complimented on her dress, she replies with such a cliché as, "My dear, it's at least three years old!" or "What, this old rag!" No, self-deprecation is certainly not the prettiest way of accepting a compliment, nor is the faint giggle with which some young women accept the ardent compliments of their lovers. At best it is ungracious, at worse it will send the giver of the compliment into a vortex of embarrassed and embarrassing protestations.

IN fact, it is in her manner of accepting compliments that a woman's poise can be measured. If she can convey the impression that, although she has been receiving compliments all her life, she is gratefully appreciative of this particular one, she is a woman of genuine social grace.

I was once at a party when one of the principal guests was a leading actress who had come straight from a brilliant first night performance. The actress was neither very young nor very pretty, but the charming blend of gratitude and humility with which she acknowledged the many compliments that were showered upon her made her irresistibly attractive. Never for one moment did any tinge of complacency or self-deprecation mar the grace of her manner. With this woman, the manner of receiving homage was a measure of her mind, breeding and temperament.

So it should be with everyone. If we are able, naturally and sincerely, to give and receive compliments, then we are surely charming and civilized people.

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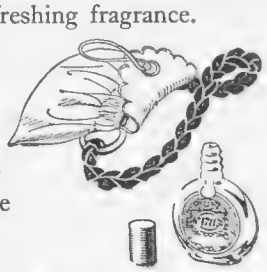

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The Artist (*Continued from page 22*)

sickeningly; hung suspended by hands, by knees, by feet; dived and let go and flew, slim white rushing shapes in the blaze of lights, while a thousand faces stared upwards and the rolling of the drums reached an unbearable crescendo. The drums ceased abruptly. For an instant there was a silence. It seemed tangible and visible, cheating the ear. And then it was gone in a tremendous burst of applause and a storm of bravos!

THE two trapezists, Miguel and Alonso, were billed as The Flying Rebaros. The supreme moment of their daring act was a perfect piece of timing. Both hung by the knees head downwards, swinging their trapezes faster and faster until at the point of nearest approach Miguel suddenly released himself and shot forward, his hands stretching out to clasp the waiting hands of Alonso. Those tense seconds between the release and the catch held the audience breathless. It was at the moment of the catch that the drums ceased. And as the trapeze bearing the two men swung back and forth and the roar of acclamation filled the tent a gaily uniformed attendant stationed on Miguel's little platform drew in his empty trapeze with a cord, grasped it, and bending down, waited. The noise stopped. The doubly burdened trapeze swung faster and faster. Miguel changed his grip and faced his platform. The attendant drew back his arm; paused, watching for the signal; and then, as the drums again rolled, he thrust the trapeze down and forward and Miguel leapt to meet it. The band broke into a popular air and the act was over.

The next evening I made one of a party of six. We had seats just behind the low barricade of the arena and had brought opera glasses with us to watch the trapeze act. The others of the party fired questions at me about the act and I laughed and told them it would freeze their blood, at which the girls gave little apprehensive cries and the two young men scoffed.

The act began and proceeded and we affected a mild boredom which, on my part, concealed a mounting nervousness. The great moment came and the drums began to roll, softly at first and then more and more loudly as the trapezes swung faster. And then Miguel released himself and shot forward. And we who watched in those breathless seconds of unendurable suspense saw Alonso's arms jerk up; saw Miguel miss and hurtle downwards; saw, before his body hit the arena, Alonso slip from his trapeze and fall as a stone falls. No one could have heard the sound of the impact as the bodies struck, for the great tent was filled with hysterical shouting and screaming.

Both men were dead. But in Alonso's chest, buried to the heavy hilt, was a knife. It was one of those used in his act by Pedro the knife thrower.

A wild search for him was begun. He could not be found. But hidden in his caravan was discovered the gay uniform of the attendant; and underneath another caravan, fast in a drunken sleep, and clothed only in his undergarments, was the attendant Ferdinand. He was woken with difficulty and while the search for Pedro went on, was questioned by a dozen voices, until presently the police arrived and, being by now somewhat sobered, he told what he had to tell.

It was not much. Pedro's act was fairly early in the show and came on more than an hour before the Rebaros were due to appear. When it was over, Ferdinand said, he met Pedro and at his invitation went with him to his caravan where the knife thrower's wife Juanita, who helped in the act, was hurriedly changing as she had shopping to do in the market, which was over a mile from the field. After Juanita had gone Pedro brought out a bottle of wine and cigarettes. It was, Ferdinand insisted, not a bottle of spirits and only a very mild wine, or he would not have touched it, in view of his important duty later in the afternoon. He drank a glass, he said, and smoked a cigarette half down and then remembered nothing more until he was shaken out of his sleep.

Juanita was questioned but what she had to say was not of much assistance. She said she had gone to the market to buy a hone for her husband. Yes, she said, he already had a hone, in fact several, and they were in quite good condition; but he had declared he wanted a new one and it wasn't for her to say he didn't. She said that Pedro had no quarrel with the Rebaros and was, as far as she knew, on quite friendly terms with them. She admitted that he had expressed annoyance because their names on the show bills were in much bigger letters than his, but that had been months ago, and he had not mentioned it since and had, she was sure, quite got over his annoyance and probably forgotten all about it. She was certain the affair had nothing to do with women, either herself or any other woman, and this was corroborated by all the other members of the circus.

And so the police were left with a problem to solve and a murderer to find. They did not find the murderer, although they plastered the countryside over an area of many hundreds of square miles with Pedro's photograph, and this also appeared in all the newspapers. Nor did they solve the problem of motive. It was plain enough what had happened. Pedro had taken Ferdinand's place on Miguel's platform, relying on the fact that Miguel was not in the habit of talking to the attendant who was, from long practice, letter perfect in his instructions. And then, as Miguel loosened his legs to begin the flight, Pedro, with no eye in the audience upon him, hurled the knife, swifter than Miguel, at Alonso's heart. In the pandemonium that followed the fall it was easy for him to get away unnoticed.

In 1947 I spent most of the summer in Brazil. I had gone there partly for a holiday, but mainly in search of local colour for a novel I was writing. I had long abandoned business for authorship in which a moderate success, coupled with a small patrimony, enabled me to live the sort of life most congenial to me. During August I stayed for a few weeks with a friend who was a professor in the English faculty at the fine university there, and at the end of my stay he suggested I should put in a week or so at Cachoeira, some sixty miles away to the north west where the scenery, with the famous waterfalls, was unsurpassed and where there were remains of a vanished civilization.

I went to Cachoeira and was enchanted and idled away a delightful month. A few days before I was due to leave I was strolling one afternoon along the broad pavement of the Avenue Goyaz, the main thoroughfare, when my attention was caught by a large poster outside a music hall. It was a life-sized figure of a bearded man throwing a knife, garishly painted in the distorted modern style, and the sprawled unshapely lettering ran: Chiva the Great. I walked in and booked a seat for the evening's performance.

Twenty years is a long time and I will not pretend that immediately I caught sight of the poster I thought of Pedro; but it certainly was not many seconds before the memory of that dreadful scene came flooding back into my mind and for a while I allowed my thoughts to play with the attractive and romantic notion that the Great Chiva might turn out to be the vanished Pedro. But I quickly dismissed it as too fantastic. A biographer or an historian may make use of the astonishing coincidences which occur in life; but a storyteller must avoid them if he wishes to escape the animadversions of the critics. Chiva the Great, when he bowed himself on to the stage that evening, bore little likeness to Pedro. He was heavily bearded and fat and slightly stooping; while the image in my memory of Pedro was that of a clean shaven, slim ramrod of a fellow who might have been a trained athlete. But twenty years had passed and I was only too sensitively aware what twenty years had done to me. I was not deceived. I guessed the black beard and hair dyed. I shaved the beard and stripped away the fat and straightened the body and knew it was Pedro.

After the show I went round to his dressing-room and he admitted me after a momentary show of hesitation. He gave me a chair and I offered him a cigarette which he lit and stood leaning against a sort of tallboy and looking down at me curiously and I thought defensively. "What do you want?" he said.

"Why did you kill Alonso Rebaro?" I said. His hand dropped to his side and I cried out quickly: "Stop, my friend! I am not a policeman."

He drew at the cigarette till its tip glowed. "Who are you?" he said.

"A friend, I assure you," I said.

"You are from Murcia?" he said.

I shook my head. "No," I said. "I was at Murcia. That night. But I come from England. I am an Englishman. And if it is any interest to you I am merely a spinner of yarns." I translated the phrase literally and he did not understand.

"You make cloth," he said, "fabrics."

I laughed. "Nothing so durable, I'm afraid. I am a storyteller; a writer; an artist like yourself. I am fascinated by the human scene and the antics of the players. Why did you kill Alonso?"

He stubbed out his cigarette and refused another. "I don't want to smoke," he said. He was silent a long moment, watching my face. And then he said: "I killed him because I hated him. I killed him because I am an artist and he put me to shame and made a public mock of me. But that was the end. But in the beginning I was a child and there it began. I was born at Chiva. It is a little town to the west of Valencia; about thirty kilometres. It is——"

"I know it," I said. "They make a spirit there called the Devil's Drops."

He smiled faintly. "You speak Spanish well for an Englishman. You were born in Spain?"

"No," I said, "don't bother about me. I am of no interest. Please go on."

"I was a very stupid little boy and at the school I could learn nothing. The other boys used to laugh at my mistakes and stupidities and I could not stop their laughter for I was small for my age and could not fight. And I was afraid of pain. Afraid of pain in my body and in my heart. And the girls laughed at me, too, for I was an ugly little boy and stuttered in my speech. I was an ugly little dolt. Not quite the village idiot but something to laugh at and deride: a butt.

"And then, when I was seven or so, I found something I could do. I was out with some boys and we came to a huge tree. It was so tall the topmost branches were like lace. And at the top, out on a bough all alone, was a crow. The other boys shouted and made noises and threw sticks and stones but they did not reach the crow and it took no notice. And then I picked up a stone and everyone laughed and one of the boys said: 'Better climb the tree, Monkey.'

"I did not take aim. I knew I was going to hit the crow. I took no care at all. For suddenly I knew what I could do and I did not need to take aim or to care. That is how it is. You will understand that. I threw the stone and it hit the crow square in the breast and toppled him almost to the ground before he recovered and flew away. And the boys shouted and cheered and banged my shoulders. But I could not bear to be with them because of what I knew. I wanted to be alone and so I broke away from them and ran off home.

"I knew what I could do now and I spent all my hours of play throwing. I never missed what I threw at. I could not miss. By some strange coupling of hand and eye, I could not miss unless I tried to miss. I did not have to try to hit. I just threw. I could put a vine prop in the ground fifty metres away and hit it every time till my arm grew tired. I could hit a peseta on the ground at twenty metres and go on hitting it all day. It was my gift. It was my only gift. I could do nothing else. In everything else I was stupid, a dolt. But at throwing I was an artist. I was born so, as are all artists. (*Continued on page 58*)

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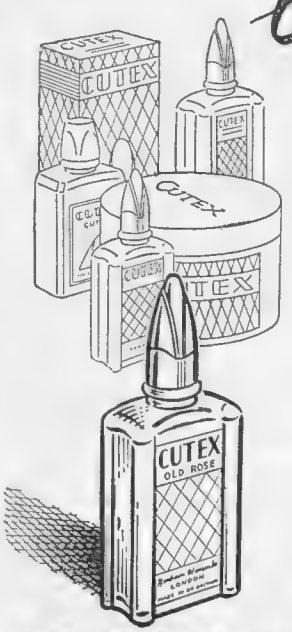

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"When the fair came to Chiva that year I went the round of the stalls with their hoop-las and darts and skittles and the coconut shies and won prize after prize. And a little crowd followed me and grew to a big crowd and there was cheering and clapping and bravos and my heart was bursting with pride and joy. I was supremely happy; happy as a child is happy; happy as only an artist can be happy. And at last the stallholders would not take my money and said that the devil was in me and some of them believed it and crossed themselves and some of the crowd too half-believed it and were scared and stopped following me.

"When I was ten I went to stay for a holiday with my uncle and aunt who kept a fruit and vegetable shop in Valencia and one Saturday night I went with them as a special treat to a music hall and there for the first time in my life I saw a knife thrower and sat and watched him entranced and knew that I was his master. And also I knew that this was what I would do when the time came for me to leave school and earn my living.

"But I could not wait to leave school and when I was thirteen I ran away and joined a circus. It was Pirello's Mammoth Circus and Menagerie and when Señor Pirello had seen my performance he declared it a marvel and unbelievable, as he might well do, for every day for years, and almost every hour of every day, I had been throwing and my skill passed belief: for a gift so cared for and exercised appears as a miracle. I was billed as Pedro the Boy Wonder and I remained with Pirello's until I was twenty. Always I was top of the bill with my name in huge red letters. While I was with Pirello's I married Juanita, who was a daughter of Pepito, one of the clowns, and she became my assistant.

"Soon after I married I joined Carmel's Circus and for a long while I was top of the bill and was the highest paid of all the performers. I was supremely happy. I loved my life. I loved Juanita. And more than all I loved my art in which I was supreme.

"And then the Rebaros joined Carmel's and for a time we were all good friends enough, although I never liked Alonso, who had a bitter tongue and an envious heart. They made a great sensation and they deserved the applause, for their act was a good one. Soon they were being paid as much as I was and then more and their names topped the bill. I was a little upset; not for the money, but because I no longer headed the bill, which was a slight to my art and ridiculous, for what the Rebaros did was no more than a monkey trick and could be matched a hundred times over in any Indian forest. But who in all the world could match my feats. I could hit a centimo at forty paces and split a wand at sixty and go on doing it till my arm tired. I could not miss. I was infallible.

"And then Alonso and I fell out. It was no open quarrel. We just drifted into a silent hostility. It did not bother me at all. I ignored it and kept out of his way for I am a peaceful man and when voices are raised in anger and faces distort with passion it turns my stomach as if I were out on a rough sea.

"One night, after we had reached our field, quite a small crowd went to a tavern to drink a glass of wine and chat and smoke. A few of the townsmen were there, too and were eager to talk to us and one asked Alonso to tell him who was who among the performers; and presently Alonso pointed at me and said: 'That's Pedro the knife thrower. He's a fake. He couldn't stick a pig at twenty metres. His knives are made of putty.'

"There was a great roar of laughter and everyone looked at me, their eyes goggling and grinning with all their teeth. I wanted to find something clever to say and could not find it. I stared at them all and was sick with the shame that had been put upon me and upon my gift, my supreme art that no man has ever matched; the only gift I had had from life. I left my wine and went out and as I walked to my caravan the words burnt themselves into my brain, into my heart: *He could not stick a pig at twenty metres.* And in those moments I knew that I should kill Alonso and in an instant saw how I should do it. I would stick a pig at twenty metres. And so I killed him and I was glad. That is why I killed him. You will understand. You are an artist yourself."

I shook my head. "Not to that extent," I said.

He gave me a cheroot and poured out wine for us both, as if the telling of the story had been a great unburdening to him and he wanted to make the occasion a little celebration: Presently as we smoked he said: "Are you satisfied?"

"Not quite," I said. "I am still curious."

"Yes?" he said.

"Why did you come back to this? Weren't you afraid it might lead to your tracing?"

"Yes," he said. "I have always been afraid."

"Why then?" I said.

"Do you ask me that? I tried other things, It was no use. I had to do the one thing I could do better than any man. It was my gift, my art. I could not stifle it; could not let it waste unused. I had to come back."

"And you are going on?"

"I have no choice. It is my life. It is all my happiness."

When later I rose to go he held out his hand and said quietly: "You will not betray me."

"No," I said, "but it is a good story. Too good to keep to myself. It is a pity I cannot use it."

"When I am dead," he said, "then, if you wish. It will not perhaps be long and you are a young man. I am sixty-five and I am not a good life. I come of a short-lived stock."

And with that we parted. I had not long to wait. He was one of the passengers in an air liner which crashed last year in, well, let us say America. It was a crash which made headlines in the newspapers and that is as near to identification as I wish to go.

END.

Pity's Kin (*Continued from page* 8)

"Secret as the grave."

"And this afternoon you'll be gone."

"No. I've taken a room at the hotel. I thought your husband would want to see me more than once. Now I'm here I may as well wait till he gets home."

"Oh, but you can't—I mean, why don't you go back and come down again?"

"Don't you like to have me here?"

She laughed shakily. "Not much. Not now you know my secret. And haven't you any work to do?"

"Not at the moment."

She sighed and got to her feet, sorry that she had made a fool of herself. She glanced at the clock. "Heavens! I've missed my committee meeting."

"Splendid. Let's go out to lunch."

"Oh—do you think we should?"

"Why ever not?"

She couldn't explain. It was just that people were funny in this town. Still, even that super committee woman Mrs. Keeling couldn't find anything wrong in one's having lunch with a friend from London. Or could she?

"No reason. I'm stupid this morning."

"And after lunch you can show me the sights. I've got to get that off my chest."

She did not protest for fear he would think she attached too much importance to the luncheon. Besides she wanted to go. The days had seemed very long since Paul went away.

As they came into the lounge of the hotel for lunch they saw little Mrs. Fletcher. Christine was careful to make the necessary introductions. A year ago she would have nodded in Mrs. Fletcher's direction and moved on—now she knew better.

"I want you to meet Mr. Mercer. We used to know each other in London. Won't you stop and have a drink with us?"

Mrs. Fletcher twittered. Her eyes grew round at the sight of the tall dark man. She couldn't stay for a drink but she rattled on amiably for a minute or two before she left.

"We'll have doubles," said Barry Mercer. "We need 'em. How can you stand that twitterer?"

"She isn't so bad. She's a miracle of patience with her ghastly old husband."

He laughed and let it go, and ordered their drinks, and booked a table for lunch, and Christine wondered why she had felt this need to protect Mrs. Fletcher, when till now she had always found her extremely tiresome.

She must be perverse, she thought afterwards, as she found herself defending the town from his wisecracking assaults. After all you had to admit that the town had beauty, and that wasn't such a common commodity. It had tradition and continuity. And the people were good—too good that was their trouble.

"Listen to me! Anyone would think I loved the place!"

He laughed. "You're like the fellow who tears his family to pieces, but let an outsider raise a voice against them and he tears the outsider to pieces."

They came at last to the cathedral. "Paul has a guide book mind! He calls it Old Dec and Perp. We were married here."

"I'll take the Empire State Building."

She stood inside the west door and looked down the nave, arch after arch, so that the light fell in an intricate pattern of shadows, and the eye was led on to the high altar and the curve of the Lady Chapel and the great perpendicular window in its glory of blue and gold.

"I haven't looked at it for a long time—not really looked," she said and there was awe in her voice.

He put a hand under her arm and she felt his fingers hard and firm. "The sooner you get back to London the better."

"Queer." Her eyes lingered on the stone work. "I used to love all this—until I had it right in my own back garden."

"Now for a drop of steel and concrete."

They went on their way. They wrangled pleasantly over the Tudor cottage at the end of God's Acre. They argued over the elegant Georgian houses that were the property of the Dean and Chapter; the almshouses; the butter cross; the tithe barn; the Dog and Duck where Jack Cade broke his fast on his way to Blackheath; the Manor where Elizabeth had slept; the Dower House that had stood out for the Royalists—until Barry Mercer struck and demanded tea and a car to drive him somewhere strictly twentieth century.

She shook her head. "I must go home now."

"To-night then?"

"No. I'm dining with Paul's people."

"To-morrow? What time to-morrow, Christine?"

"Barry, I don't know. It isn't easy. I have ties."

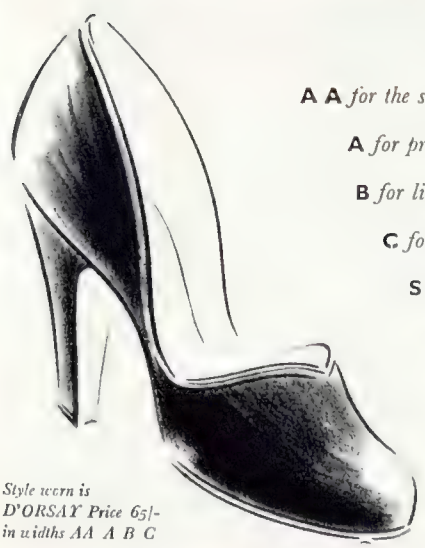
"I'll get a car. We'll drive somewhere for lunch. We must get out of this town."

Yes, she thought, it might be better to get out of the town. It wasn't that they were doing anything wrong, it was just that other people wouldn't understand.

LATE that evening she wrote to Paul and told him all about Barry Mercer—or almost all. She did not confess to her own treachery to Fenny Fairford. And when she had closed the envelope she sat on seeing again an old couple at the door of their almshouse. The old man had shown them with pride round his vegetable plot. And unwillingly she remembered old people, in what amounted to a uniform, coming out of the grim pile of a London workhouse. Maybe, she thought, it needed Barry Mercer to show me my own town.

Barry succeeded (*Continued on page* 61)

World-acclaimed prima ballerina, Miss Moira Shearer visits Victoria Station for the morning departure of British Railways' luxurious 'Golden Arrow'. Miss Shearer wears Clarks Skyline shoes because she has found that a choice of widths is essential to fashion fitting.



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n hiring a car for the duration of his stay. He claimed all Christine's spare time. She was careful to introduce him everywhere they went. There should be no secrecy.

Outwardly everyone was pleasant and polite.

"Nice for you to have company while your husband is away," said Mrs. Keeling.

"Old cat," muttered Barry to her retreating back.

"I don't think she meant it that way." But had she? Christine wasn't sure.

"Forget 'em. Let's go again to that village where they gave us such a whopping tea. Forget the old cats."

Christine was glad to forget them. She had lived with them intensively for the last twelve months and now it was fun to talk to someone who understood, someone interested in books and plays and people. Not just in your next door neighbour but in the general inscrutability of people.

"You can't know anyone," he said, and in the inn parlour his dark eyes brooded on the landscape.

"Nonsense. In this town it's like putting a penny in the slot. All the reactions are familiar, all the answers come pat."

"That's what they say with their mouths, but we don't know what they're saying in their hearts. When Mrs. Smith tells you her dear husband has a touch of bronchitis she may be saying inside that she hopes it kills the old fool."

"Barry, you're absurd."

He came and stood close beside her. "I'm absurd but you like me?"

"Of course I like you."

"I'm glad, Chris, because I—I like you a lot."

Dangerous ground. It was a long time since any man had made just that opening. She must remember how little anything you said meant if you came from Bloomsbury, or Chelsea, or St. John's Wood. It was just dialogue. You put a penny in the slot here, too. She'd almost forgotten the line about—"Do you like me?"

She moved away and picked up the floppy hat which she had thrown on the chair. "How about getting back?"

He watched her motionless. "You don't believe me?"

"No, kind sir. I think it's part of your routine. But don't let that worry you."

"For once you're wrong," he said slowly. "Or doesn't it ever occur to you that you could be wrong once in a while?"

"I'm often wrong but not about this, Barry." She pressed the bell by the fireplace. "Let's get the bill."

He did not refer to the argument again, but she knew that something had altered in their relationship. She could feel the pull of emotion between them. She had an idea that she ought to fall sick and lock herself in her bedroom. But she didn't. There were only a few more days. Nothing could happen because she had herself well in hand, nothing could happen because she loved Paul Winterton.

THE dance two nights later was in aid of some local charity. Christine discovered that Barry had been invited and given a free ticket, because single young men are always in short supply. He came round to discuss it.

"Nice," he said. "Now I shall have a legitimate excuse for holding you in my arms."

"I dance so seldom now you'll find me like a sack of potatoes."

"I love potatoes."

She shook her head reproachfully and leant back against the armchair and watched her tea cooling in the cup.

"Last night," she said, "my mother-in-law asked me—very sweetly—when you were going home."

"Did you tell her that I was waiting to see her famous son?"

"No. She's had that one already. I told her you were leaving after the dance. Don't make me out a liar, Barry."

He was silent for a moment, then he looked slowly round the room. Despite its period background it had a homely air. Books and flowers and photographs, a typewriter, masses of papers, a steel filing cabinet, and a corner table with a number of unashamed, unglamorous bottles. It was a human workshop.

"You want me to go away?"

"Yes."

He stood close beside her chair. "Why?"

Her voice was a whisper. "Because I'm afraid."

"Because I love you and you love me. Because I'm your salvation. Come away with me, Chris."

"I don't love you—I doubt if you love me. But all that mightn't be enough to save us from doing something foolish."

"Not you," he said bitterly. "You're—there's a good Scottish word for it—you're too canny—too ungenerous."

She was not going to argue the point. "Might be. You'll go away—won't you? Please Barry."

"Listen—listen carefully." He moved and picked up a light chair, placed it in front of her, straddled it, and looked at her very straight, like a schoolmaster delivering a lesson. "If you don't come away now, when you have a chance, what will happen? You'll stay on here for ever in a place that doesn't suit you, playing a part that doesn't suit you either. You'll grow older and with every year you'll conform more closely to the pattern of these people. You'll become a professional good woman. All ordinary human emotion will dry up inside you. But outwardly you'll be so kind, so diligent about other people's business. Working so hard to clothe the Ethiop, or raise the fallen, or encourage the cottagers to grow aubergines, or initiate the fund for restoring the roof. Any roof. Good people are always collecting money to restore roofs. Your lovely face will harden, you will lose your sense of humour, you will laugh only at the obvious, you will never shout or argue or lose your temper—what you will lose is your immortal soul."

Her eyes narrowed as she looked at him. "It's my risk," she said "Don't let it come between you and your breakfast."

"I get you." He sighed as he got up and swung the chair back into its place. He raised a hand in salute. "I'll fetch you for the dance. Think over what I've said and you might change your mind."

"I hope not. And to-morrow night, please behave as if I were your dear old maiden aunt."

AFTER he had gone she sat for a long time thinking over what he had said. Somewhere, she supposed, there must be a grain of truth or it wouldn't hurt so much. Here she might grow old and ugly and never have lived. But that wasn't true either—— She stretched a hand as if someone else were standing there. She would have lived. Paul and she—a great love is a living thing. She passed her hand across her eyes. She could not see Paul standing there. The man she saw was Barry Mercer.

She wore a white frock to the dance, a billowing frock of net, with a shimmer of sequins. She piled her dark hair on the top of her head and in her ears the small diamond ear-rings repeated the glitter of the sequins and in her eyes were other points of light.

He watched her come down the wide, shallow oak stairs, white as any other ghost in the old house.

"You have no business to be so beautiful," he said. "It puts rude ideas into a man's head—just an ordinary man who never pretended to be a saint."

"I'm sorry," she said demurely, but she was glad that he confirmed the evidence of her mirror.

"We're early. How about giving me a drink?"

When she had mixed the drink she led the conversation into what she hoped would be safer channels. "What will you do when you get back?" she asked.

"See another oculist."

"Don't you do any work?"

"No. I haven't worked in three months."

"Then how do you live?"

"My paper thought I was worth keeping on the payroll."

She looked at him in bewilderment. "I don't understand."

"It's not very important." He broke off and turned away and pulled at the roses in the silver vase. "You don't want to hear all this—not when we're going to a dance."

"Yes, I do. You never tell me anything about yourself."

"It's such a dreary story."

"Please, Barry."

"You asked for it." He shrugged his shoulders. "I can't work. I'm not allowed to read. In a year's time I may be blind. Let's not talk about it to-night. Let's pretend I'm just like everyone else. I don't want to use any emotional blackmail. Your husband does a certain very delicate and difficult operation. That's why I wanted to see him."

"Oh Barry! Barry!" There was a sob in her voice as she came towards him and tilted her face upwards like a child and put her arms round his neck. "Oh my dear!"

He took the kiss of consolation she offered. He held her tenderly and close. "Sweet Christine," he whispered. "Sweet, sweet Christine. Forget—please forget—for to-night. I hate to be the man who's pitied. I don't want it that way, darling. I want to be the man you come to because you just can't help yourself." He pushed her gently away. "Got any wraps? Let's make a move."

She understood. She picked up her handbag and her white fur cape. "I'm ready. We'll——" Her voice shook. "We'll—what do they call it?—we'll cut a rug. I don't know what it means but it's something you do dancing and it's awfully devilish."

"We'll cut up the whole ruddy carpet if necessary." With one hand he swept her into the car.

IT was a night of confused emotions. She no longer cared what the ladies of Fenny Fairford said—let them gossip—to-night was Barry's. She wanted to give and give. Since she had been Paul's wife she had learnt the value of sight. The greatest gift of God, he called it, the gift without which all other gifts were valueless. To-night was Barry's. It was all she could do for him and Paul would understand.

They danced together—dance after dance—she knew that tongues wagged, but what was her reputation compared with his suffering? These old women would never understand—nor these dried up old men with their arthritis and their golf handicaps—nor these girls with their nice backgrounds and their suitable young men. They would all think she was unstable, they would be sorry for her brilliant young husband, they would drop her off committees, they would only ask her to their houses because she had married into such a respected family, and she would have to live her life out among them, but she would have done one thing that proved her heart still beat warm and compassionate.

To-night it seemed that there was no one in the room for her save this man who stood in the shadow of tragedy. Her smiles were for his gallant sallies, her body moved with his, lightly, rhythmically, as if they were wedded by the music. As she moved she had an occasional glimpse of the dowagers. There was Mrs. Keeling, intolerably organizing, little Mrs. Fletcher, chattering and fluttering, Dr. Winterton looking grave and paternal, and Mrs. Winterton, worry creasing her kind face. And still Christine danced with Barry Mercer. If that was the way he wanted it, that was the way it had to be, a memory before he went down into the dark.

It was late and the band was flagging and they had danced their fill, when he drew her out of the room, through the French windows on to the deserted terrace. There was no light, save that given by a few stars incredibly far away. The air was chilly. No one else would think of using the terrace on such a night. The damp struck through her thin shoes, the railings were dew wet to the touch.

"Chris—Chris—I love you."

She was in his arms, responding to his kisses. Desperate (*Continued on page* 62)

kisses, farewell kisses, heartbreaking kisses. On her side it was not love but pity, on his side it was not love but loneliness. They clung together and yet they could not reach each other. Their bodies were close but their minds made a barrier.

Someone was fumbling with the catch of the french windows. "That switch," called a voice.

A moment later the terrace was flooded with light. They raised their heads startled and there was Mrs. Keeling, equally startled it seemed, and her hand stretched again for the switch and darkness was round them and someone was saying—"No. The other switch. Just light the band."

Christine looked at him woefully. "That," she said, with a catch of the breath, "puts paid to a lot of things."

"To-morrow I'll be gone. They won't remember."

"It doesn't matter," she said fiercely. "Perhaps it's a good thing. Perhaps I've been pretending too long."

He laughed softly derisive. He touched her shining hair. "Know what hurts? Our big moment—and we look ridiculous. Like a couple of naughty kids. I'm sorry, darling. I'd hate it to mess up your life."

"It won't," she said stoutly.

But she wasn't so sure. Mrs. Keeling of all people—Mrs. Keeling the supreme organizer of good works—she would feel it her duty to come rushing to Paul with her story. It was too late now to be sorry. She mustn't spoil Barry's last night. She must pretend that it didn't matter.

"Let's get out of here. We can go this way across the garden. Drive me home, Barry, and take the early train to London to-morrow."

"And leave you to face the music?"

"It may not be such noisy music if you're not there."

They said goodbye with a pressure of the hand. She ran up the path and let herself in the front door. There was a telegram on the hall table.

"With you for breakfast. Love Paul."

SHE was glad next morning that he was early. She had been up since six thirty. Even Mrs. Keeling, on the wings of spite, would hardly get round before breakfast.

Paul looked tanned and well, and in those first moments she knew that she loved him, just as she had always loved him, her heart irrevocably committed. That alone was clear in the confusion of her thoughts.

She smiled, she talked, she kept her end up, pouring his coffee, crumbling her toast.

"You're not eating."

"I'm too excited, Paul."

He had so much to tell her. Wait till he unpacked his bag. He had got her this and that—he had learnt so much—an amazing country—they must go there together some day soon——

When he had finished breakfast she led him into the sitting room and this time it was she who closed the door, and for a moment her hand hesitated on the key and then withdrew.

"Let me open my bag," he protested. "I've things to show you."

"Not yet, Paul. I've something to tell you first."

He looked at her anxiously. He realized that this was serious. "Is it Mother—or Father? What's happened, Christine?"

"It's me," she said. She pushed him into a chair. "Don't interrupt me, Paul. This isn't easy. I have to tell it my own way. It's a temptation to be dishonest, to make you think I wasn't to blame. But I was. I'll try and tell it the way it happened."

He nodded and settled to listen in silence, smoking one cigarette after another, while she tried to be impartial, to see the thing as an outsider might have seen it, stumbling on, feeling that when all other grace was lost she must at least cling to her integrity. Paul made no move, just sat there, his head down, his eyes on the carpet, and she had no means of guessing how he felt.

It was over, but before he could speak the anxious silence was broken by the front door bell. They raised their heads to listen to Millie's step down the hall, the voice of inquiry, the waiting room door opened and shut, and then Millie announcing as if it were just any other patient——

"Mr. Barry Mercer to see Mr. Winterton."

Paul got to his feet. "Show him into my consulting room, Millie." He walked out without a backward glance.

Christine was trembling as if she had an ague. She could not still her hands nor hold a match to the cigarette she had taken. The room swam before her eyes, the walls seemed to quiver, and the great beam that was black with age seemed to shake as if it would fall and destroy her. And somewhere in all this nightmare a bell was ringing—a bell of doom—or was it just the front door?

And she heard Millie's voice, distinct and sane, saying: "Mrs. Keeling to see you, Madam."

Anger gave Christine strength to get to her feet. The vultures were gathering early. They could not wait till she was dead to peck out her eyes.

"I know it's awfully early," Mrs. Keeling used her everyday voice as if she didn't know that she was a vulture, "and I've only a minute, but I just heard that Paul is back."

Christine indicated a chair. She could not trust her voice. Mrs. Keeling did not seem to notice anything unusual. She was too intent on what she was saying to take the chair indicated.

"I wanted to assure you, my dear child, that I didn't see anything last night. Nor did anyone else. I was so afraid that you might be tempted to make one of those confessions—you know the sort of thing. So unfair on a man."

Christine tried to focus properly. She must have misunderstood. Her mind was confused. "I—I beg your pardon," she stammered.

"I was about to say that confession is fun for the one who is confessing. Shifts the burden. I want to give you some good advice."

That was more like the Mrs. Keeling they all knew. She was always rushing round giving people advice. Christine felt her backbone stiffen. "Yes, Mrs. Keeling?"

But Mrs. Keeling didn't answer immediately. She took the chair she had been offered. "Can you keep a secret, Christine?"

"I hope so."

"Then I'll tell you something no one else here knows."

The conversation wasn't running true to form. Christine had put the pennies in the slot, but she was getting the strangest answers.

"When I was a girl I was very much in love. Then I did something foolish—not wicked, you know—just rather silly. I allowed myself the luxury of confession and hurt the man I loved and finished our romance. Afterwards I married my late husband and we were very happy, but I know now that that confession was a mistake."

Christine was conscious that she was just standing there staring rudely at her visitor. "Thank you for telling me," she managed at last.

Mrs. Keeling got to her feet. "I must be off. All those letters to write about the roof restoration fund." Amazingly she chuckled. "The beetles in the rafters of our ancient monuments cost the country nearly as much as another major war! Goodbye, my dear."

Christine was too dazed even to ring for Millie to open the front door for the visitor. As the sound of Mrs. Keeling's quick steps died on the path Christine flopped back in her chair, because now that she was no longer upheld by hate she felt that all life was drained from her body. She sat there, hardly thinking, hardly feeling, too tired to move. No one interrupted her. A long session, the hands of the French clock on the mantelpiece crept round and no one came, no voices broke the stillness of the morning. It was as if everything living had deserted the house.

She started when the front door slammed and a moment later Paul was standing before her.

"Who came just now?" he asked.

"Mrs. Keeling."

"That old busybody. I'll not have her——"

"You're mistaken, Paul. She's—she's all right. *She made a joke!*"

He did not seem to hear. He had already forgotten Mrs. Keeling. "That poor devil. I'm going to operate. It's his only chance." When she did not answer, he looked down at her in surprise. "What's the matter, Christine? You look ill, my sweet."

"I—I——"

Paul came and sat on the arm of her chair. "Barry Mercer told me. The kiss of pity. It cuts like a lash."

"Poor Barry."

"We shall both have done our best for him. You in your way, I in mine."

She cried then, her head buried on his shoulder. "I love you, Paul. I love you so terribly much."

They were drowned of a sudden in the cathedral bells, a chime magnificent, victorious, a benison, and the air vibrated with a song of praise.

"Listen to the bells of Old Dec and Perp giving me a welcome. I missed them, darling. I'm glad to be home."

END

Plague-Spot Pride Of The Orient (*Continued from page* 29)

exaggeratedly adverse, and latter-day health measures have done a lot to mitigate unpleasant features. Though near the equator, the country has a fairly healthy climate. Humidity is high, Singapore's average rainfall being 95 inches annually, though most of it falls into anticipated seasons. Brilliant sunshine and blue skies produce a climate rather like a London heat-wave of 70 to 90 degrees, but it is refreshingly cool at night. The fevers which are the curse of many humid tropical areas are practically non-existent. Snake-bite is uncommon, for, since venomous serpents wax fat in the well-favoured jungle, they seldom feel the urge to trespass into human habitations.

Communist magnification of domestic grievances has alienated some disaffected Malays, and perhaps coloured a large section of world feeling against Malay people in consequence. But in general the Malay is a good fellow. He has in fact been called "Nature's Gentleman," and he lives up to his title, being courteous and proud, with a dislike of pomp and show. Appreciating the benefits of British administration, Malays have always had a friendly feeling for Britons. Next to the Chinese, they form the largest racial component of the Peninsula. The men are well-built but not tall, averaging 5½ feet. Marriage with Chinese produces a fairer skin and a slightly Mongolian appearance. Thus you find colours in general varying from dark to olive or light brown. Up-country Malays are by nature hunters, fishermen or small farmers. At work the farmer wears loose dark-blue trousers, but often a skirt bunched about the waist, and a handkerchief or stiff palm-leaf sun hat to protect his head. Off duty he dons a velvet hat, cotton jacket and his sarong or skirt which reaches to below his knees.

Apart from its commercial prosperity, Singapore's high spot is of course its naval base and harbour. Since repairs following the Japanese evacuation, the base is again considered to be the best-equipped. And into and out of its harbour, one of the world's largest, now flows merchandise on a scale even greater than before the war. There seems sound sense in matching the colony's social welfare with an economic status which credits Singapore Island with the heaviest volume of seaborne trade and commerce in the East.

END

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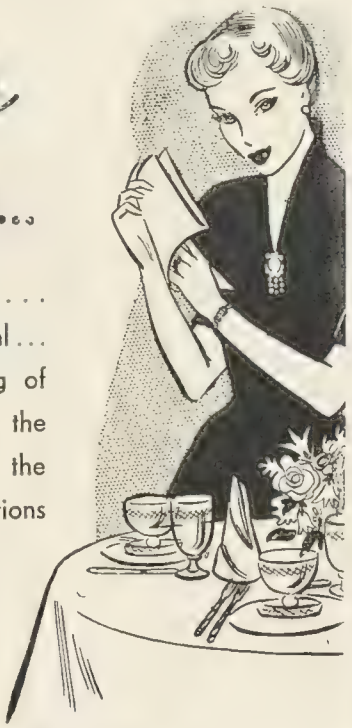

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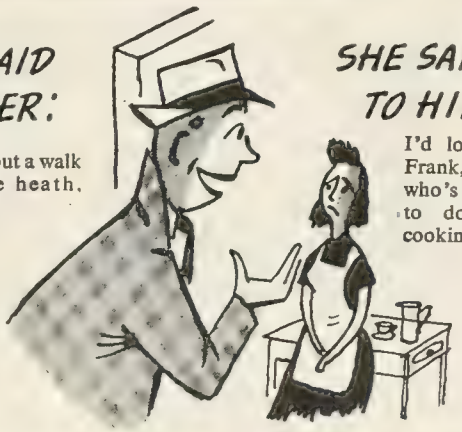
CASES—AND CONSEQUENCES

Mr. Black MET Mrs. Black NEAR THE FRONT DOOR

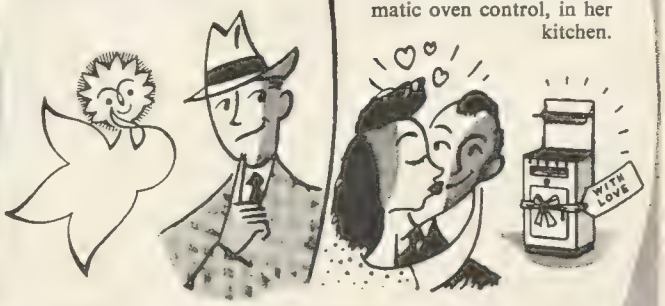


HE SAID TO HER:
What about a walk over the heath, dear?

SHE SAID TO HIM:
I'd love it, Frank, but who's going to do the cooking?

HE GAVE HER:
A sympathetic look; and then had a brainwave — assisted by Mr. Therm.

SHE GAVE HIM:
An extra special kiss when she found a gleaming new GAS cooker, with automatic oven control, in her kitchen.



THE CONSEQUENCE WAS:
All meals were cooked *perfectly* for her, using less fuel — and so she had lots of time to spare.

AND THE WORLD SAID:
No wonder Mrs. Black has time to go out; GAS saves her work, time — and worry too!

GAS GIVES YOU **HOLIDAYS FROM HOUSEWORK**

Issued by the Gas Council

All's Fair In The Sun (*Continued from page* 12)

game yields results under a southern sun, and the tricks that the latter can play, explain the expansion of the Riviera's latest industry—for such it now is, with tens of thousands up and down the coast dependant in one way or another on the sun's rays acting on the epidermis of the visitor to her and his contentment.

Odd, to think how it all started. . . .

The first people I ever came across, whose central idea of a holiday was to sun-bathe, were English and Americans at Juan-les-Pins in the summer of 1924 or '25. "What a strange notion," said the pre-1914 in us. "A little sunburn haphazardly acquired—yes. But *laying oneself specially out for it hour after hour, day after day*!"

The natives thought those pioneers plain barmy. Whether any intellectuals were among them, I've forgotten, but they were already in the solar picture by the time D. H. Lawrence touched off the cult in contemporary literature with *The Woman Who Sought the Sun*. It's my own idea that the beautiful bronzed body of Josephine Baker, then for the first time delighting Parisians *and Parisiennes*, also had something to do with it.

Anyway, modest little bottles of special sun oils and unguents were on sale towards the close of the twenties—I recollect one being bought at Cannes for four francs—and a year or two later came the opening vogue of "Johnny Pang," a perfectly negotiable pronunciation of Juan-les-Pins. Thereafter the Riviera would gradually become first and foremost a summer playground, and by preference one vast frying pan.

All too soon unspoilt favourites along the Little Riviera (St. Tropez to Lavandou) started dolling themselves up. American bars, two-man jazz, smart hair-dressers, flashy inns, little villa quickies splashed with colour, suntrap hotels. To-day the rash extends most of the way from Marseilles to Menton. But let us back to our muttons, as they relax on scarlet, orange and white mattresses, the three modish colours of 1950.

"Sun-tan has now reached the point where it can be indulged in without any ill-effects and people can bronze beautifully and painlessly without blistering." So a famous "international beautician." She's right, too, but it costs money to do the thing in style. There's so much attendant expenditure. Some people do call it a racket. Yet, if sunicians can inveigle others of the species into an exaggerated spending on all sorts of pretexts, that's hardly a racket in the true sense. There's no necessity for people to "bite"; generally nothing but sweet vanity spurs them on.

To sun-tan according to the book of words, one should first visit a local doctor (this is not for the young) who tells you how much your heart and liver can stand. One of the troubles is that the less fit take longer to brown than do the fit, and that consequently the former are led into putting greater strains upon themselves than the latter.

Next, you should take your skin along to a beautician because every skin varies and requires to be studied. There are numerous blonde and brunette categories and just as many intermediary shades. Which may yours be? You haven't an earthly? Exactly! That's how many a girl has made an awful mistake with her unguent, and many a "boy" with his oil.

Yesterday at "Johnny Pang" I looked long at beauticians' window displays, studying everything from emulsions to spirits, and from spirits to creams. Did I know which would best set me off? No, but I picked up a lot about the skin game. I learnt, for instance, that some spirit preparations last longer, but that some creams do it more quickly. The value of which must be clear! Your Swede with hardish currency and therefore time to spare, will call for spirits, whereas your English Mees out for a fortnight only, must needs risk the cream.

The accent is now on intervention with the sun. Down here a very dim view is taken of anyone who asks to have their skin dyed outright, as is so painfully observable in northern cities. But it is quite another matter, gently intervening with the sun to a client's advantage. Sun-tans may be helped and steered, stimulated and encouraged, but never, *never* originated! It does, of course, happen that a person's skin is found to be of such rare tone or texture that only a very special unguent, oil or lotion can meet the case. Then up goes the bill.

Or maybe you have gone too far with your frying and inadvertently slipped back into the preceding summer's fashionable shading? Do not fret; your sunician will be able to effect the requisite "recall" or correction. He can even bleach you right back so that people at home won't know you've been away, but that's not recommendable. One who tried it told me she looked as if she'd had a peculiarly nauseating attack of jaundice.

When you've come out of the skin parlour, you are no more than on your way. Important ancillary processes concern lipstick, powders and creams, and nail enamels. A sun-tan alters all these, as it does jewellery, apparel, and, not infrequently, human relationships. Firms with famous names provide specialities to go with this and that shade of sun-tan—such as coppery lipstick, which seems to be very popular.

The enamelling lets in the chiropodist who has quite a say, even reaching to that tricky quantity, the knee. I never knew knees could be made up. Something to do with dusting and touching up creases and crevasses. But I do see why knees must be attended to. They are often the first thing you notice on beach mattresses, to say nothing of when a girl goes out on a *pedalo*. The chiropodist also purveys pencils with which to draw stocking seams on sun-tanned legs. Next door, at the Sun Store, you can reverse the process by acquiring stockings which make your legs look tanned.

A more costly customer is the sun oculist. You are told you will damage your eyesight for good unless very expensive dark glasses are bought. Women are additionally advised they will develop permanent wrinkles about the eyes. There certainly is a racket in sun glasses. I bought a pair for 2s. in the market at Nice. They appear to be as serviceable as others offered at nearer £2 at Cannes. I never read through mine in the sun; nor should I through the £2 pair.

WHERE the sun-tan industry really does swell into a racket, and no mistake, is in the railing off and partitioning of all the best pieces of sandy beach. Here, in July and August prices soar, just when the most deserving holiday-makers are around. Some are lucky if they can get in the sea by a sewer in the bigger places. And in rear of these beach impositions (for they are grossly overdone) prices go up in restaurants and cafés, *patisseries* and shops and stores of all kinds. It is as if the sun-tan industry were saying: "Here they are in the net for a short while. They can't get what they want out of their holiday without dealing with us unless they elect to camp out and get bitten all over. But there's no fear of that, sweet vanity commanding. So hay shall we make while the sun shines, which is nearly all the time."

But there—I'm afraid I'm not much use to this sun-tanning industry. I'm what is called a "whiteback," that is to say, if my front gets tanned, well and good, but I'll be blowed if I'll turn over and bury my head in the sand, or in a mattress. Fact is, sunbathing à la mode makes me slack and heavy, interferes with my sleep, and is apt to bring out pains and aches which otherwise stay indoors. Its best attribute is that it makes your face easier to look at while shaving, and this goes especially if you've been up late. It's sheer joy to say, "Well, I'd look a pasty-faced devil this morning but for this sunburn."

But the kings and queens of all this sun-tanning territory are the men and women from the Colonies—from anywhere the sun has laid itself upon them. Theirs is a noble, unsought sun-tan, and easily recognizable. Especially the women. Dutch women back from the East Indies are easily recognizable, when one notices furthermore how well blue eyes go with a real, year-after-year tan.

I need hardly remind you that the sun-tanning industry goes on to dress its customers after first undressing them. The smart couturiers are already signalled from Paris, when they will dazzle and mesmerize the lady on the orange mattress with a whole range of new beach clothes and gadgets. Trousers, shorts, hats, sandals, scarfs, bags, swimsuits to swim in and just to expose in, brassière-tops and—who knows—falsies.

All's fair in the sun. After all, the main ingredient costs nothing. It simply depends where you park your body. My favourite is a floating mattress which I'm minding for an absent friend. Very exclusive.

END

Homes Of Norway And Sweden (*Continued from page* 24)

In winter the house is both warm and dry.

The rooms are lighter and brighter than most of ours. The interior fittings are in modern style and in a wide range of bright colours. The Swedish housewife visiting England feels that our furnishing is very dark, heavy and old fashioned by her standards—and less easy to keep clean. On the other hand, Swedish people are impressed with the greater size of the English house, and the brick and stone give, they say, a look of "nobleness" to the exterior!

In the wealthier sections of the towns are houses which are comparable in size to the bigger ones in this country but they are not so numerous.

The young couple takes great care in choosing a site for the home. The Norwegians build, whenever possible, in a dominating position where they may, from their windows, survey their beloved forests and fiords below. In southern Sweden the houses are widely spaced among the hedgeless fields rather than grouped together in villages. In this way they get a wide, unobstructed view across the gently undulating landscape.

That the homes are built of wood instead of brick or stone forms the greatest point of contrast with our own. But timber is not used only because it is the easiest building material to obtain in a forested country. It is contended that timber is most suited to the conditions. On the very wet west coast of Scandinavia timber has been found to dry out more quickly than other building materials. The houses stand up to a wet climate very well as long as they are soundly constructed.

We still think of the prefab. as something of a newcomer in this country, but it was making its appearance in Sweden way back in 1920, and was soon more popular than its conventional forerunners. We regard the prefab. as a temporary building but not so in Scandinavia, for their frameworks are so well designed and constructed that they will stand up to more than fifty years of rough treatment. Such houses are now being exported to England to help relieve our housing shortage here.

Well, if you visit Norway or Sweden this summer you may be sure of a warm welcome. There you will find one thing, at least, identical with its English counterpart—the housewife's great pride in her home

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Living In A Snail Shell (*Continued from page* 21)

running repairs) another is a food locker, provided with tins which pack conveniently into the available space, a third contains the cooking stoves (a Primus and a blue flame paraffin wick stove) and the fourth houses our wash basins and toilet requisites. Under the counter at the stern is storage for buckets, paraffin, hurricane lamp, bilge pump, bailer and all manner of odds and ends. Thus the well is usually used as kitchen, bathroom and workshop while the cabin can be reserved for the more genteel aspects of the daily round.

The cooking locker is lined with zinc for safety—a precaution resulting from two almost successful efforts to set fire to everything by shutting down the lid on a stove still alight. I might say, in passing, that cooking need not be all boiling and frying, in spite of the limited resources. We have found pot-roasting in a large saucepan a successful and relatively simple method of dealing with the meat ration.

However, back to the cabin. To enter while sailing one has to bend low or crawl on all fours, but once the sails are furled the cabin top is raised to give comfortable sitting headroom. The bunks (seats by day and beds by night) take up much of the room. Below them are lockers used for tinned food, etc. on one side and clothes on the other side. Since bilge water is liable to slop and gurgle in these nether regions of the hull, the clothes locker is lined with zinc. For this same reason we always scratch on the tins some hint of the contents; many is the time (before we learned wisdom) that the labels floated off and we had to chance it with an anonymous tin for supper. We have dispensed with a table altogether—we have tried hanging tables, folding tables, swinging tables, collapsing tables, but all have their faults in such a tiny space. The fronts of the lockers at the head of each bunk (one for crockery, one for food) are removable and these, poised on the lap, supply our needs when combined with the flat tops of these same lockers.

Forward of the bunks and below the foredeck is a considerable storage space. A certain amount of heavy ship's gear goes here, together with clothes for cold and wet weather, shoes and a suitcase containing spare linen and shore-going clothes. Between the bunks we have a chest of drawer—lack of space insisting that it remains singular—whilst a companion drawer and a shelf fit below the foredeck on the port side. Above the bunks we have fitted slats of wood, screwed into the beams which support the cabin top. These provide a rack for books, papers, maps and all flat articles. This is an excellent scheme provided one remembers to wedge the contents, otherwise the first heeling over in response to a gust of wind will produce an appalling avalanche.

Indeed this question of heeling over raises a number of problems—and *Butterfly* is what is known as a tender ship, that is to say she goes over to a considerable angle easily and quickly. How often in the past have we pumped from the bilges a choice concoction of bilge water mixed with paraffin and milk and treacle! Now we rely with confidence upon springy curtain wire. Stretched at six-inch intervals across the shelves of the "wet food" and crockery lockers and girdling the paraffin cans, the wires keep everything in its place and silence the hideous crashes which used to accompany a hard blow and eventful sailing. Another discovery is the use of synthetic rubber jam jar tops which permit complete inversion without so much as a leak or an ooze.

A bare description of these amenities no doubt results in a somewhat wooden and angular picture of our habitation. We flatter ourselves that the cabin has, in fact, got quite a homely air. Bright bunk covers, a gay striped rug on the few square feet of floor, cushions on the bunks and dolls' house curtains over the port-holes all provide colour. Small pictures share the forward bulkhead with the lamp, the clock and the barometer; bright mugs hang either side of the door and the brass fittings throughout (yes, they have to be polished every day, but it is worth it!) all help to brighten up the little cabin, all help to please us and to delight our visitors. If we bring the blue flame stove into the cabin the small space is soon warmed to a most somnolent degree; then we, like the Romans, find there is much to be said for seats which are likewise beds.

So much for the virtues of our shell but now what about the snail? We are completely mobile and our journeys cost us nothing—for the wind is free to all. *Butterfly* has spent the great majority of her days on the Norfolk Broads. We have taken her to sea, but her build is more suited to the relatively placid conditions of inland waterways and a trip to sea is always something of an adventure. We wander up and down those hundreds of miles of rivers and broads, stopping maybe at the river bank; or mooring maybe in the middle of some broad, when our tiny dinghy provides contact with the shore.

Occasionally we enjoy the somewhat desperate delights of racing. Such a small boat, carrying so much gear, and designed with no thought for racing honours cannot, of course, hope to keep up with the class boats and the specially constructed cruisers. However, cruiser races are run on handicap (often assessed on past performance) so one can finish last and yet hope to be in the running on "corrected time." Whether it be a handicap or a scratch event all start together and, to the casual observer, the start must seem an occasion of the most alarming danger and crazy adventure, especially in the restricted space of river racing. For five minutes every competitor is trying to manoeuvre so as to get the boat going fast in the right direction at the right spot on the starting line at the moment of the firing of the starting gun. Needless to say very exact rules are necessary to save collision and everyone (?) knows who must give way, so the hectic evolutions and near misses have, in fact, some sort of order.

Recently I watched a film concerning sport during the last twenty-five years. We jumped from horseracing to yachting—"from the sport of kings to the sport of kings and millionaires" said the commentary. That, alas, is the common belief, but what a travesty of the truth. It is all too true that rising expenses have put an end to the big racing classes and many of the great cruisers. But there are thousands who share the views of the Water Rat in *The Wind in the Willows* ". . . there is *nothing*—absolutely nothing—half so much worth doing as simply messing about in boats" and they know that it need not necessarily be a very expensive pastime. It would be unkind to those who are seeking a boat, with prices at their present high level, to record how much *Butterfly* cost in the middle thirties. It would be ridiculous to suggest that expenses end with purchase. Winter storage, constant painting and varnishing, repairs to rigging, hull and sails, insurance, registration—these all add up. Yet I warrant that *Butterfly* costs far less to run than does your motor-car and if one can do some of the work oneself (all part of the Water Rat's "messing about in boats") then expenses become proportionately less. And what do we get in return? A cosy home, the joy of sailing, the excitements of racing, and a free and healthy and invigorating way of life.

END

Sixty Miles From Gibraltar (*Continued from page* 9)

the Americans learned of the German rented spy hole. One fine day, when *Trenton* was having her guns cleaned, one of them,with a live shell inside, was "accidentally" fired; it was really too bad, because the gun happened to be trained on the German spy hole which was completely demolished.

To make matters worse—or better—a few days later an American piloted plane taking off at Gib was fired on by the Spaniards at La Linea. The Americans opened up with machine-guns on the Spaniards and never again did an Allied plane meet with interference.

When the war was won, Franco scampered out of Tangier which resumed its somewhat hectic existence, only somewhat more so, if you follow me.

Before the war Tangier was a favourite port of call for holiday makers on those famous Mediterranean cruises; they went ashore and took donkey rides over the cobble stones; they sipped Turkish coffee in the Petit Sokko, repulsed hawkers of carpets and bought soft leather Moroccan slippers as souvenirs. But they knew nothing of the deadly hates, the international feuds which went on behind the scenes.

The late Walter Harris, correspondent of *The Times*, was the uncrowned "King of Tangier." He bought a house in the Casbah and there was a clause in the agreement by virtue of which he had to allow the native school in his front garden to continue to function. So one sat at breakfast with Harris while across the garden came the nasal whine of little Arab boys crooning over the Koran.

The natives used to take their troubles to Harris for arbitration and once he prevented something which might have been an ugly "international incident."

There are two cinemas, each at a corner of a narrow alley; one cinema belonged to a Frenchman, the other to a Spaniard. The Spaniard complained that his French rival ripped off his posters every night; the Frenchman, with many *noms de Dieu* denied the allegation with indignation, but the French and Spanish Consulates each had their own headaches; the Spanish cinema posters were found ripped to ribbons every morning. What to do?

Walter Harris was called in; he heard both sides and then asked for twenty-four hours to consider his decision.

That night, wrapped in a burnous, Harris kept watch at the entrance to the alley. Africa, despite what you may think, is a cold continent with a hot sun and the nights can be cold indeed. That night it was very cold; Harris wrapped the burnous tighter around him and paced round and round beneath the myriads of stars.

The last Arab had padded silently by to bed; there was no sign of a marauder. Then up the alley came a small herd of goats shepherded by an Arab boy. The goats with one accord stopped in front of the Spanish cinema posters. Then as if following a usual routine they began tearing the posters with their horns and avidly licked the paste from the boards. They approved the paste the Spanish cinema proprietor used.

Those were the days when except for these "international incidents" of a serio-comic nature Tangier was part and parcel of the world's leisurely scene, but came then the six years of war when peaceful Tangier was a hotbed of international espionage and counter espionage. There were mysterious explosions inside and outside Consulates; there were the usual disappearances of documents reported to be of vital importance, but those of us who knew our Tangier realized that all this was part and parcel of the city's set-up; it could not very well be otherwise. Tangier was a Tom Tiddler's Ground, "fit for treasons, strategems and spoils." But what was its future to be? Aye, what *will* its future be?

About 100,000 people live in Tangier. The "tourists" are back again, but no longer are they buying soft leather Moroccan slippers. Now Tangier is the World's Free Market. People come to buy (*Continued on page* 68)

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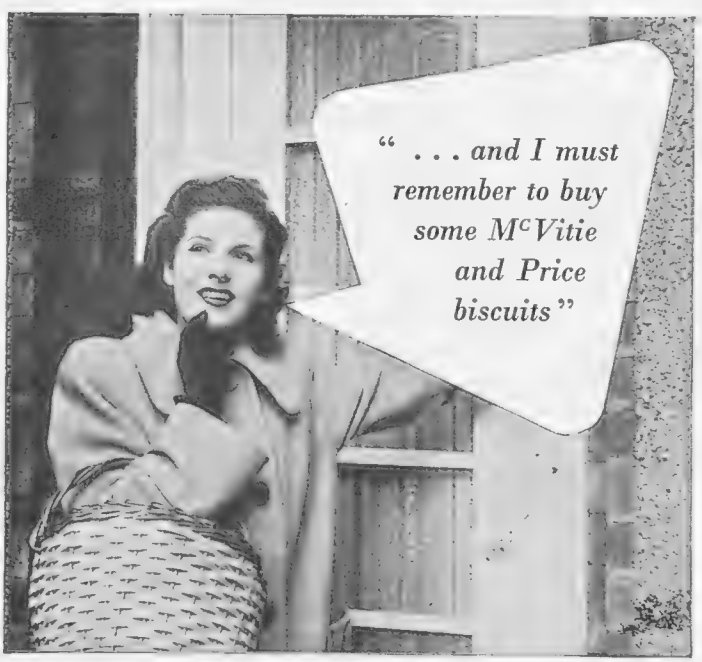

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and sell gold; diamonds mysteriously arrive by plane and as mysteriously pass on by plane. Here in Tangier and only in Tangier are all the currencies of the world bought and sold at their real values. No currency is "pegged." There is a huge clandestine market in narcotics and, of course, there is whisky galore. All the things the heart of man—and woman—desires are on sale sixty miles from Gib. It is all very picturesque and exciting and, I think, a little sinister as well. When there was austerity all over Europe, Tangier was an oasis of plenty. Now there is little austerity in Western Continental Europe and none at all in Tangier.

There is the sophisticated International Quarter with its complement of Spaniards (the largest foreign colony), Portuguese, British (about 2,000), Americans (not more than 200) and many thousands of people with passports issued by almost every country "from China to Peru"; only, the holders of these passports have never visited the countries whose protection they enjoy and neither do they speak a word of the languages.

French, Spanish and Arabic are the "official" languages. There are two "official" currencies: the Morocco franc and the Spanish peseta, neither I may say is in very high favour, but what does that matter? Nobody cares.

There is great wealth in Tangier and terrible poverty, poverty such as one expects to see in all Arab countries. And the international feuds, have they died down? Not so; not at all. *Au contraire.*

At present Tangier is running under its own steam, based on the remnants of the old Statute of Tangier, but one of these fine days there is going to be an explosion; there are potential kegs of dynamite everywhere.

Firstly, the whole of French North Africa is under Communist pressure and, as usual, it is being done under the guise of Nationalism. "Algeria for the Algerians" sort of thing and most of these subversive activities are run from clandestine offices in Tangier.

Russia has the right to a seat on the Governing Council but Russia is sulking and will not sit in.

The United States also have a seat on the council and although the American colony is unimportant, the Americans are increasingly active.

At this writing American engineers are erecting the most powerful radio sending post in the world. It is intended to use it to penetrate the Iron Curtain and if Russia continues to jam European broadcasts, all Russian broadcasts to the West will be jammed.

So, within a few months when the muezzins mount the minarets to call the Faithful to prayer, transcending the voice of Allah will be the Voice of America calling the world from Tangier.

But supposing Russia then exercises her right to sit on the council and uses a veto?

END

Sixty Miles From Gibraltar

The Old Bailey (*Continued from page* 11)

It was as if by some excellent idea of stagecraft that the first murder trial to take place quite soon after the ceremonial opening of the new building was also one of the most sensational trials ever conducted at the Old Bailey. It was the trial of Horace George Rayner, who had shot and killed Mr. William Whiteley, the owner of the famous "emporium" in Bayswater, known to every housewife in Britain. Rayner insisted on being the natural son of his victim—a statement strongly disputed by his family—and he defended his killing by declaring that he wanted to avenge his mother, whom Mr. Whiteley was alleged to have seduced twenty-four years before. The case arose extreme interest and ended with the conviction of the accused. Lord Chief Justice Alverstone presided over this first Old Bailey murder trial, and three years later he also tried and sentenced to death Dr. Crippen.

Rayner has been followed in the dock of Old Bailey's famous Court No. 1 by many prisoners whose names have become household words in the history of crime: Seddon, who poisoned his lodger, Eliza Barrow, at his Tollington Park house for the sake of her modest savings and a small insurance policy, sitting by her bed to watch her die slowly and painfully; George Joseph Smith, the doting bridegroom, whose wives suffered "heart attacks" in the bath—just once too often; Browne and Kennedy the gunmen, who callously shot out the eyes of P.C. Gutteridge, in case he recognized them and survived his terrible injuries; Jacoby, the pantry boy, who killed Lady White for a few shillings she had won at bridge and carried on her; Crippen, of course, the man who thought that he had discovered the recipe for the perfect crime—down to our own days, and Heath, the sex-pervert and girl murderer; Daniel Raven, who battered to death his parents-in-law five days after the birth of his first child.

DURING the late war there were many spy trials, but no one heard about them, except for a brief report on the result. On these "secret days" extraordinary precautions were taken for reasons of security. Brown paper covered the glass panels looking on to the passage-ways. All jurymen, witnesses and counsel were sworn to secrecy.

Counter-espionage agents of the M.I.5 department heard as witnesses were permitted to ignore a primary rule of British court procedure and withhold their names. Sometimes, during the 1940 blitz, and during the "doodlebug" attacks in 1944, everyone in court had to dive for cover as the great building shook with the explosion of a near miss. A direct hit laid the north side of Old Bailey in ruins, and even to-day the building is badly scarred. But never was a session interrupted. For the Nazi spies in the dock it must have been an illuminating experience to see British justice move ponderously and impassively on its way, the judge in his long wig unperturbed, the lawyers pleading earnestly against the noisy background of explosions and anti-aircraft barrage. The trials of Josef Waldberg and Kurt Meier, who landed at the height of the blitz on the Kent coast, of Pierre Richard Charles Neukerman, a Belgian Gestapo agent, who was smuggled into Britain among Belgian refugees, of Karl Richter, who was dropped by parachute from a German plane in Herefordshire, with the assignment to assassinate the Czech President Dr. Eduard Benes, living in exile in London—and many others, went on and ended with the inevitable sentences of death, whilst German bombers attempted the destruction of London.

PERHAPS one of the most astounding scenes took place soon after the building was opened. In the autumn of 1907, Robert Wood was tried for the murder of a young woman, Phyllis Dimock. The accused man was defended by the famous advocate, Mr. Marshall Hall, K.C. In his summing-up, Mr. Justice Grantham said that in his opinion the prosecution "had not brought the case near enough to the accused." This plain hint to the jury was drowned in deafening applause. When the jury returned after a few minutes a verdict of "Not guilty," the cheers in the court were taken outside where a huge crowd had gathered. As Wood walked out of the Old Bailey, a free man, the crowd gave themselves over to an orgy of wild enthusiasm, carrying him shoulder-high down Ludgate Circus and into Fleet Street. Wood was obviously surprised by his aquittal and the sympathy shown by the people. An accomplished artist he had drawn in the dock portraits of the judge, the witnesses and himself, inscribing one with the words "my last moments. . . ."

The Wood case started the vogue for writers and actors to attend the Old Bailey for "atmosphere" and study. During some of the great trials before the first World War one could meet in the courts such notables of the stage and literature as Rudyard Kipling, John Galsworthy, Robert Hitchins, Lady Tree, and even musical comedy stars like Gertie Millar and Lily Elsie. Other well-known artists, who have re-created the drama of the Old Bailey on the stage or in their books from their observations in court include Sir Seymour Hicks, Gordon Harker, Edgar Wallace, A. E. W. Mason, Agatha Christie, Gilbert Frankau and Louis Golding.

Not always is the public's interest based on purely artistic motives. Notorious trials attract ghouls and their behaviour is reminiscent of the howling mobs of earlier centuries at Newgate. A fact which engendered once a withering comment from Sir Patrick Hastings, the famous K.C., during the Elvira Barney murder trial in 1932. "You and I," he told the jury, "are not here to be amused or to be thrilled. We leave that to these people who have been here for the last two or three days, enjoying and gloating over every expression of agony on this unfortunate woman's face. . . ."

For sheer drama the moment of sentence in a murder case remains supreme.

Sometimes a sudden turn adds tension even to that haunting finale. When the judge pronounced the sentence of death on Seddon, the poisoner, the accused man gave a masonic sign to the judge in a last, wild attempt for mercy. "I declare before the Great Architect of the Universe that I am not guilty," he cried. "Please believe me, My Lord and Worshipful Master!" he added, knowing that the judge was himself a Grand Officer of the Lodge of England. Mr. Justice Bucknill, that kindly, aged judge, was taken aback, tears filled his eyes and he replied in a whisper: "Our brotherhood does not encourage crime, it condemns it . . . I pray you to make peace with the Great Architect of the Universe . . . Mercy . . . pray for it . . . ask for it. . . ." His voice trailed away and he had to pause before he was able to finish the pronouncement of sentence.

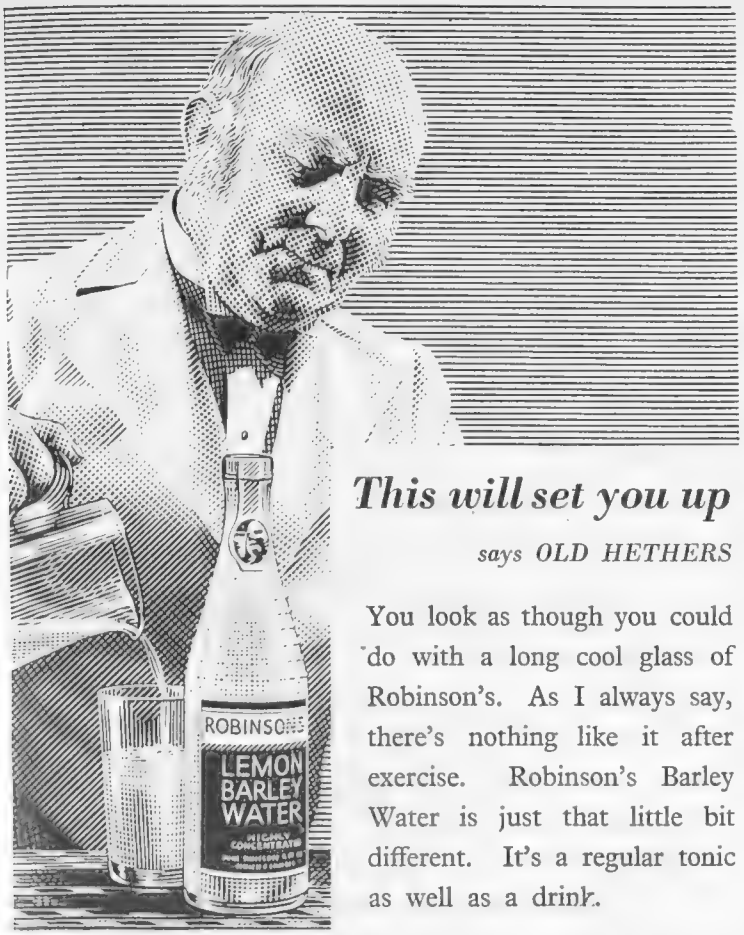
Suicide has added drama to trials on other occasions. The cells where the prisoners are kept under close supervision while awaiting summons to the court are stripped of everything which could be used for wound infliction; yet in 1938, a sixty-one year old business man slashed his wrists open with a cigar-cutter and bled to death.

But laughter, too, has its place in the grim cavalcade of events. Invariably it is started by the judge himself, and as invariably he sternly orders silence immediately afterwards. Mr. Justice Charles, the senior "Red Judge" who died last May, after holding office for more than twenty-two years, had a great reputation for witticism.

The greatest advocates of British jurisprudence, Lord Birkenhead (as F. E. Smith, K.C.), Lord Simon (as Sir John Simon, K.C.), Marshall Hall, Sir Patrick Hastings, Sir Valentine Holmes, and very many others have made their reputation at the Old Bailey.

If the advocates are remembered for forensic brilliance, it is a testimony to our judicial system that the judges are best known for their humanity and fairness. Never fooled by the wiles and antics of prisoners, genuinely extenuating circumstances are never ignored by the judge. Mr. Justice Wild was particularly well known for his welfare work on behalf of prisoners who came before him. For the one hardened old jailbird who scrawled on the wall of his cell: "When Wild's wild he's—wild," there are hundreds of ex-convicts who remember gratefully his help. One old lag, who had spent most of his life in prison, lay dying in a London hospital. The flowers by his bedside came from the judge who sentenced him many times—Sir Ernest Wild. And when the end came, and the coffin was carried into Kensal Green cemetery, there was only one wreath. In Mr. Justice Wild's own hand the attached little card bore a single word: "To-morrow."

END



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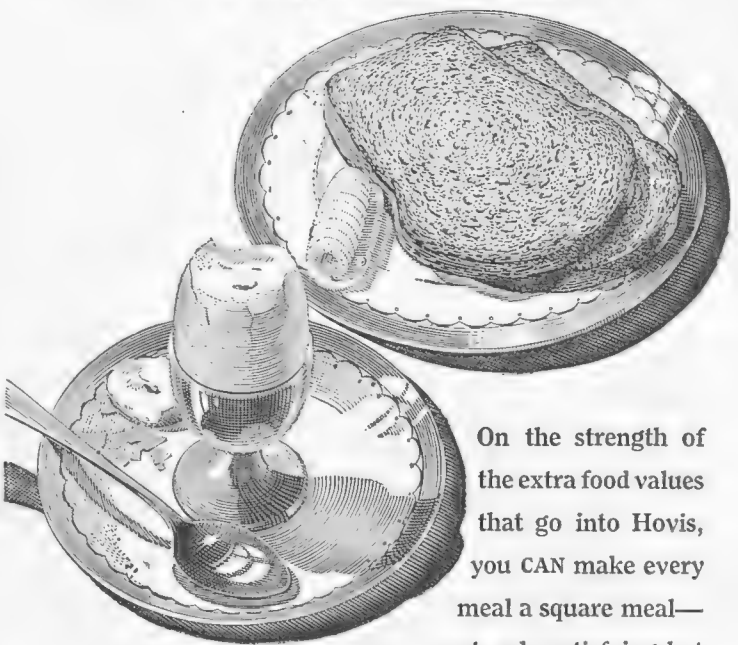

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The Big Swim (*Continued from page* 16)

bodies do not recognize his feat. The captain did actually propel himself across the Channel a few months before Webb—but buoyed up in a life-saving suit, which kept him paddling rather than swimming. He took twenty-three and-a-half hours.

Not for thirty-six years did anybody successfully follow Webb's lead. Then, in 1911, the Yorkshireman T. W. Burgess crossed in the same direction, taking fifty minutes longer. And still no one did the France-England swim; until Tiraboschi the Argentinian stepped on to Shakespeare Beach after just over sixteen-and-a-half hours in the water. And then America's Gertrude Ederle, who swam from France in 1926 in two hours less, brought women into the picture. Since then the crossing—predominantly from France to England—has been made by swimmers from France, Germany, the U.S., Austria, Peru, Egypt, Sweden, S. Africa, Greece and Belgium, but above all by Englishmen, who have swum the Channel altogether sixteen times.

Swimming times, so dependent on weather and the push-pull action of tide and current, have varied enormously. In September, 1926, Georges Michel of France streaked across from Gris Nez to Dover in eleven hours and five minutes, to make the official record. (Spacek of Bohemia is reported, but not officially recognized, to have bettered this in 1927 by twenty minutes.) At the other end of the scale is Henry Sullivan who in August, 1923, ploughed laboriously across to France in twenty-seven hours twenty-five minutes.

Sullivan's was a great feat, for he had to cover about fifty-six miles. Webb himself probably swam fifty, and many others, likewise pulled off their course, have travelled almost as far. But big though they are, these distances are nowhere near the world's longest.

Abertondo the Argentinian, one of this year's Channel-race competitors, has swum 178 miles in his native Parana river (taking sixty-one hours). In the same river his compatriot Candiotti covered 281 miles (in eighty-four hours). But the world's distance record goes to Sigmund, an American, for a 292-mile swim in the Mississippi (eighty-nine and three-quarter hours non-stop). Against such enormous distances the Channel mileage looks modest, but the shorter swim, because of its openness and the exhausting hazards to which it is always subject, demands, it is certain, every bit as much toughness and training and a sight more judgment.

For half the battle in Channel swimming lies in choosing the right moment and in knowing the right course to swim. Essential for success is a pilot who knows the Channel and its caprices like the back of his hand. And this, it seems, is where some Channel aspirants may be handicapped this year; for local boatmen able and willing to act as pilots are reported to be scarce. As some of them point out, even if they know the Channel right across to the coast of France, piloting Channel swimmers is for them a chancy business. Waiting about for suitable conditions, a motor-boat may be immobilized for days and prevented from taking other jobs. And then, when the ideal moment comes at last, there may be a too-heavy run on too few boats.

Seaside holiday-makers who essay no more than a few strokes out to the raft are praying as usual for a long, fine spell with warmth and calm seas. In this boom year for Channel swimming such weather would be blessed by the coast-to-coast aspirants even more, and might bring new cross-Channel records.

END

Any Other Business? (*Continued from page* 15)

was still feeling so pleased with 'imself at making a guinea over the insurance of the cup that 'e felt 'e could go a bit of a splash.

So 'e came back to 'is cottage with the Belgian 'are in a box; of course 'e didn't suspect anything and everything looked just like it was when he left it.

It wasn't till 'e went to lock up last thing and kissed the Belgian 'are good night, and 'ad the usual look to make sure the cup was in its 'iding place that he got a shock.

My word, 'e must 'ave carried on alarming with 'isself.

'E daren't tell anybody because the first thing they would all say was: "Oh well, it's insured anyway"; and as it *wasn't* insured, it looked like costing 'im a little matter of seventy-five pounds to replace it.

Seventy-five pounds! He must 'ave lain awake all night thinking up ways of making it sound less than it really was.

'E was in such a state that 'e came into the Black Boy the next evening, one minute 'oping 'e might 'ear something about it and the next devoutly 'oping 'e wouldn't.

Lumpy was there, of course, laughing fit to bust 'isself inside.

"Wot's the matter, Tiger?" 'e arsks. "You look a bit off colour. Lost anything?"

Then there was a young fellow in a cloth cap in the corner 'oo says if anyone '*as* lost anything there's a palmist person in Westcombe as will 'elp 'im to find it.

"Marvellous she is," this young chap said, "all you've got to do is to cross her hand with silver——"

"Do what?" Tiger asks horrified but fascinated.

"You cross her hand with silver and it sort of gives her second sight."

The idea looked more like giving Tiger a fit, but under cover of general talk 'e managed to get this woman's address from the young fellow, and next morning 'e actually went into Westcombe.

Madame Plantara was in 'er curling pins 'aving an up-and-downer with the milkman when Tiger called, 'e was that early; but when she realized 'e was a customer she very soon slipped on her mystic robes and got ready for action.

"Cards or crystal?" she inquired after he had explained a little.

"Eh?"

"Cards or crystal? I can see better with the crystal."

"I reckon it 'ad better be the crystal then."

"Only of course that comes more expensive."

"'Ow much?"

"Five shillings with the cards. Ten shillings with the crystal."

Tiger thought for a long time weighing ten bob against seventy-five quid.

"I expect it 'ad better be the crystal," he repeated at length.

"Payable in advance," Madame Plantara said. "It seems to help me somehow."

Tiger said he wasn't surprised at *that*, and handed over a ten shilling note.

As soon as she had tucked the ten bob note away safely Madame Plantara put her hands on top of her eyes and said she could feel it coming on.

"You've lost something," she said. "Now describe this object to me."

Actually Tiger wasn't too keen on that. "Couldn't you manage without too much of a description?" he asked.

"Unidentified objects come more expensive," Madame Plantara pointed out. "They start at a guinea."

"It's a sort of a cup," Tiger told her reluctantly.

The old girl gave a start and said: "Ah. I see a cup. A precious china cup. An heirloom perhaps?"

"Well, actually it isn't," Tiger told her, "and it's more silver than china."

"I can see it turning colour now. Getting lighter. Yes, a silvery sheen has come on it. What a beautiful object. And a saucer of some kind, I seem to see."

"Never mind about the saucer."

"Quite right. The saucer has vanished. This cup is near you now Mr—Mr——"

"Smith," said Tiger who never believed in giving away more than he had to.

"It's near you now, Mr. Smith. Its aura has impinged on yours. It is floating round you."

"Any chance of its coming to anchor by eight o'clock this evening?" Tiger inquired anxiously.

When he finally came away 'e 'ad learnt as 'is lucky number was seventeen; his best day of the week Tuesday; not to enter into large-scale business undertakings except when there was an "R" in the month; and that it would be best to look for what 'e 'ad lost when the moon was waxing and not waning.

As 'e was going out with all this to think about 'e caught sight of the young chap with the cloth cap going in through the back door and looking very much at 'ome; but poor Tiger was too worried about the meeting that evening to pay much attention to that.

Whichever way 'e looked at things 'e could see nothing but disaster facing 'im. 'E couldn't produce the cup and 'e couldn't produce the insurance policy; and 'e knew Tinley well enough to realize that, such being the case, wot 'e *would* be asked to produce pretty quick was seventy-five quid.

The meeting wasn't to be until eight o'clock which in Tinley meant 'arf past; and at twenty minutes to eight there wasn't a soul in the Black Boy.

Then in comes Lumpy pleased as punch with 'isself, and carrying a square brown paper parcel all neatly wrapped up under 'is arm.

"Mrs. Emmett," 'e led off.

"Wot is it, Lumpy?"

"I wonder would you be good enough to take charge of this parcel for me till I ask you for it? I don't want to take it with me into the meeting; not to start with."

Widow Emmett said as she'd be delighted and she never batted an eyelid.

Lumpy 'ad a quick pint of beer just on account of feeling so lighthearted and said 'e'd be back again in time for the meeting.

Five minutes after 'e'd gone out Tiger comes in moving about as fast as a lot of molasses treacle running uphill.

"Well, Mr. Smailes," said Martha Emmett watching 'im, "this is a pleasure."

"Is it?" Tiger asked.

"I don't see enough of you in the Boy," Martha said. "Will you be taking a little something before the meeting?"

"Mrs. Emmett," little Tiger said, using words 'as nobody in Tinley remembered 'aving 'eard him use before, "I want a double whisky and soda. And make it very little soda."

And Martha Emmett stood there looking steadily at 'im and thinking of all the trouble she 'ad been to in stalking 'im and of 'ow she 'ad got 'im at last.

"No, you don't, Alfred Smailes," she said at length, speaking very slow and distinct. "What you want to do is to step round into my back room for a moment. Maybe you'll be surprised."

WELL, about half past eight all the people who could just as easily 'ave got there at eight o'clock began to drift in for the meeting. Tiger was sitting quiet and unobtrusive in a corner of the tap room sipping a pint of bitter and looking a bit 'igh-coloured; Lumpy came in with Sailor trying to pretend as they weren't looking at Tiger special and all the time quizzing 'im out of the corner of their eyes.

Sailor was a bit disappointed 'as 'e didn't look more miserable, but Lumpy said it often took them like that. "Stupefied," 'e said, "that's what 'e is. Stupefied with drink and worry. You wait and see wot 'e looks like when I get up and say my bit."

All told there would be about three dozen people or maybe a few more at the meeting; cricket being very (*Continued on page* 72)

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popular in Tinley and everyone 'oo 'adn't done a handsturn to 'elp the club during the season being anxious to turn up at the A.G.M. to criticize everybody else.

Tiger sat very quiet through it all, and Lumpy from near the door watched 'im thinking what an almighty fool, and worse, 'e was going to look very soon. When the first few questions 'ad been disposed of Lumpy gets up and goes out very quietly into the tap room.

Martha Emmett was waiting there reading the "Things for sale and exchange" column in the *Westcombe Advertiser*. She was glad to see Lumpy. She was expecting 'im. But she didn't say so.

She pretended to be surprised and said: "Meeting over, Lumpy?"

"Not yet. There's quite a bit to 'appen yet, I shouldn't wonder. Mrs. Emmett, can I 'ave that parcel as you were minding for me?"

Martha Emmett said as 'e could, and went to get it from the back room, and it would 'ave wanted a cleverer man than 'Lumpy' Stockton to tell as it wasn't exactly the same as when 'e 'anded it to 'er for custody.

Lumpy hugged it under 'is arm and got back into the long room where the meeting was being 'eld just in time to 'ear the chairman asking: "Any other business?" in the tone of voice which meant, "and for goodness sake don't say there is, because it's a quarter past nine already and talking's dry work."

Most of them evidently felt the same as the chairman did, and they were all a bit surprised when Lumpy got up and said: "Well, there is just one other thing, Mr. Chairman—the Salter Challenge Cup."

"Wot about the challenge cup, Mr. Stockton?"

Lumpy was a bit put out being called "Mr. Stockton" in public, but 'e stuck to 'is point and went on:

"I should just like to ask the secretary if the cup is insured for one thing."

People began to lift their eyebrows a bit, getting the feeling of there being something in the wind. But little Tiger Smailes spoke up like a man. "Of course it's insured," 'e says.

"Oh, is it?" Lumpy went on, "and if that's so I should like to know if the secretary is aware of where the cup is at this minute and 'as been for twenty-four hours and more?"

"The cup," Tiger says woodenly, "is in safe keeping."

"Is it?" Lumpy asks 'im nastily, "and no thanks to you if it is. I say as the cup is not insured and as the secretary 'asn't the vaguest idea where it is at this moment."

Well, of course, by this time even the people 'as 'adn't wanted to come to the meeting in the first place began to think they were getting their money's worth. Everybody turned to Tiger to see wot 'e 'ad got to say to Lumpy's very nasty words.

Wot 'e did say, drawing 'imself up to 'is full heighth, which wasn't much, was: "If that's what you say, Lumpy, why then you're barmy."

"Barmy, am I?" says Lumpy, "well wot's this?" and with that 'e whips out the parcel from under 'is seat and begins to unwrap it.

You should 'ave 'eard the noise when 'e got the paper off and everyone could see wot 'e 'ad got inside—one of the biggest and finest cauliflowers out of Widow Emmett's garden; and she grew the best in Tinley.

Any Other Business?

Lumpy stared at it as tho' 'e couldn't believe 'isself, and people laughed so much at the comical sight of 'im staring barmy-like at the cauliflower you could 'ave 'eard them in Westcombe almost.

When it died down a bit Tiger Smailes said: "There being one or two suspicious characters about in the village (and 'ere 'e looked remarkably 'ard at Lumpy and Sailor) I didn't care to keep valuable property 'as wasn't mine in my little place, so with the kind permission of Mrs. Emmett, I lodged the challenge cup in the safe in 'er back room. She will bear me out if you require it, and the cup itself is there at this minute to prove it. Once lodged there it became automatically included in the comprehensive insurance policy of this 'ouse. Thereby saving the Cricket Club a guinea premium."

'E got a big round of applause for that from everyone; they all knew Lumpy 'ad tried to do something nasty and clever; and without realizing exactly what 'ad 'appened they knew 'is plans 'ad come unstuck.

"Well, that seems to settle that," the chairman said. "Any other business?" and the meeting broke up.

SIX months later the name over the front door of the Black Boy was painted in afresh. Martha Smailes it reads now, licensed to do all the things a publican 'as to be licensed for.

Tiger looks after the tap room; but both Lumpy Stockton and Sailor Wingrove 'ave taken to using another 'ouse.

END

Cat And Dog (*Continued from page 27*)

the world turns against me, when loved ones whom I trust disappoint, the thought comes to me that I should do well to end my life. Would that be a crime? A drop of poison. A momentary struggle. And then a long and peaceful sleep. And of course I should take my darling little dog with me.'"

The chief inspector smiled. "Hot stuff for those days," he remarked.

Colonel Chaplin nodded. He had sat down at the table, the book propped up in front of him, his ridiculous glasses askew on his nose.

The chief inspector watched him grimly. He had been told that the Chief Constable of Grebeshire had all his wits about him. He had expected something better than this. "I suppose," he said, "that we've got enough evidence to arrest the girl?"

"What's that?" the colonel demanded.

"It's a strongish case, you know. She must have done it."

"Ah," said the colonel. He settled his glasses more firmly on his nose and held the book up to the light. "She's quite all right with my wife, you know. I see that Sole and Street were the publishers. Wonder if Susan Bird *did* ever write anything else? Jolly good mind to ask them. I think I'll ring up." His eyes roved greedily in the direction of a pile of London telephone directories.

The chief inspector grunted. "Don't let me hinder you, sir. I'll go down and have a word with the servants."

Colonel Chaplin was thumbing through the directory. "Certainly," he said, "certainly. Good idea."

Chief Inspector Swanley turned on his heel and made a dignified and distinctly huffy exit.

WHEN he returned, the colonel was still talking.

"Thank 'ee, my dear fellow, thank 'ee. Very civil of you to have taken so much trouble."

He hung up, looking a little sheepish.

"Got through to one of the partners," he explained. "Must be an oldish chap, because he remembers Susan Bird perfectly. She never did write another book. Been dead for years, he thinks. Book's been out of print for ages, they haven't even got a file copy. Odd thing, it seems that someone else rang up and asked about her the other day. Shows she's not quite forgotten. In point of fact, you know, Swanley, the chap was wrong, though I didn't like to contradict him. Susan Bird isn't dead. She's very much alive. Lives about twelve miles away from here. Village called Culstone. A chap called Jervis, Indian Army, was telling me about her the other day. He's a neighbour. But look here, I'm boring you."

"Not at all, sir." The chief inspector was stiff.

Colonel Chaplin got up, and walked over to the table by the chair. "The old lady is quite a character, apparently. Very fond of cats."

He picked up a lacquered work-box, spilled it's contents out on to the carpet, and shook it vigorously. A slow smile broke under his clipped white moustache.

He put the box down on the desk and fumbled about in it's interior. There was a click and a shallow drawer shot out from an apparently solid base.

"That's interesting," he said.

Peering over his shoulder, the chief inspector saw that this "secret" drawer was packed tight with lumps of sugar arranged in neat rows. From the front row a number of cubes were missing; and at the back of the drawer, in a little separate compartment, there was a heap of small white tablets.

"What are those white pills?" the chief inspector demanded.

"Saccharines, at a guess," the colonel said. "But we can easily find that out. No hurry at all. Tell you what, Swanley, how about driving over to Culstone and paying a call on Miss Bird?"

The chief inspector shrugged his shoulders.

"Are we supposed to be investigating a crime, sir," he asked patiently, "or indulging in a literary paper-chase?"

"Investigating a crime," the colonel said. "Come along."

MISS SUSAN BIRD lived in a cottage. Not one of those glorified week-end cottage residences, but a real labourer's dwelling and a bad and dilapidated one at that.

The chief inspector maintained the aloof and disapproving silence with which he had wrapped himself round in the course of the drive to Culstone.

The colonel led the way round to the back of the hovel and rapped smartly on a paintless door. A deep bass voice shouted, "Come in."

Susan Bird was a surprise, too.

The chief inspector, if he had expected anything, had anticipated a small, frail, gentle old lady wrapped in a shawl and wearing a lace cap with lavender ribbons in it.

Miss Bird was old, almost unbelievably old, but that was as far as the likeness went. She was enormous, toothless, rugged of feature, not over-clean, and completely surrounded and hemmed in by cats. There were several cats on her knee, several on the kitchen table, and a lot more disposed in baskets on the tiled floor. There were cats on the window ledges, cats on the dresser and even one intrepid young tom perched on the mantelpiece.

"Good morning," the cat woman said. "Don't tread on the kittens, now. And what can I do for you?"

"We have come," the colonel announced, "to pay homage to the author of *April Showers*. My name is Chaplin, madam, Colonel Chaplin. I am the Chief Constable of Grebeshire, and from my first reading of your book, thirty years or more ago, I have liked and admired it. This is, ah, Mr. Swanley. A man of letters."

The chief inspector gasped.

Miss Bird looked slightly startled, but took the whole thing in her stride.

"Sorry I can't get up," she said. "It's the screws. *April Showers*. Why bless my soul, I thought everyone would have forgotten about that *years* ago. It must be twenty years back since the publishers remaindered it and sent me a dozen copies as a present. There they are on the shelf. I never wrote another book. Never found the time. Plenty of other things to do, you see."

She looked round proudly at her flock.

"Just so," the colonel observed. "Now Miss Bird, I have a little proposition to make to you. What I should value above anything else would be a copy of *April Showers*, inscribed by the author. Something I could treasure and hand on to my children. And for that, I should (*Continued on page 74*)

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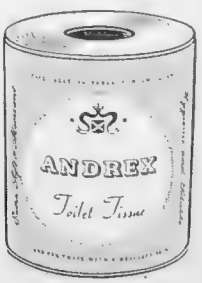

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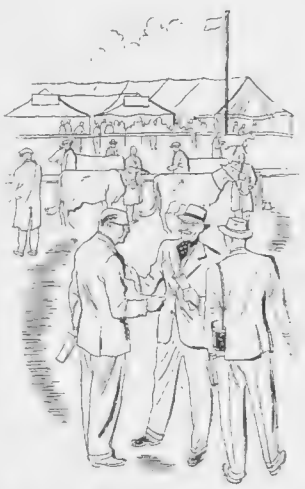

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be happy to pay you, let me see, well . . . three pounds."

The old lady's eyes glistened.

"And would your friend like a copy, too?" she asked.

"Certainly," said the colonel firmly.

"Just give me a couple, then, and there's a bottle of ink somewhere and a pen. There. Don't disturb Tiger, he's not been well. But then he's nineteen and that's old for a cat."

The colonel produced a handful of notes from his wallet.

"Thank you," he said, "thank you. Now Swanley, here is the passage I was telling you about. Page 98. I want you to look at it straight away. One of the finest pieces of writing in the book."

The chief inspector obediently turned to page 98 in his copy of *April Showers*.

"Just read that through," the colonel ordered.

The chief inspector read, and then whistled.

"But look here, sir," he began.

The colonel interrupted him.

"We are tiring Miss Bird," he said. "Come along, Swanley, and mind those kittens."

The door closed behind them.

BACK in the colonel's study, with Mrs. Chaplin on the sofa and Stella Holland perched on its arm, the chief inspector began his questioning again.

"When did your aunt begin re-reading *April Showers*, Miss Holland?"

"I don't know," Stella muttered. Then her gleaming red head jerked up. "Oh, yes, I do know, though," she said. "It was on Saturday evening. Adrian had ragged her about it at tea. He's frightfully modern, you know. Aunt Ida was always re-reading old favourites, May Sinclair and people like that, and at tea on Saturday Adrian asked her when *April Showers's* turn was coming round again. She didn't like being teased and she turned on him quite angrily and said, 'as a matter of fact I shall start re-reading it this evening.' She did, too. I noticed the binding when I took up her cocoa."

"And you say that she read a novel every evening in her sitting-room after the nine o'clock news? Did she read novels at any other time of day?"

Stella shook her head. "Never," she said. "She would have thought that very wrong. And she certainly never read in bed. Waste of light."

"And do you know how much she read each evening?"

"One chapter," Stella said.

"Always one chapter?"

"Always. One chapter per evening. It didn't matter how long or how short the chapter was. That was another thing Adrian used to tease her about."

"Just so," the colonel put in. "So you see, Swanley, she began reading *April Showers* on Saturday evening. On Tuesday evening she would have been reading chapter four. Interesting, that. Now, my dear, you said your aunt took saccharines in her cocoa and that you always took a box of saccharines up with the tray. Did you ever see her put one into the jug or into her cup?"

Stella shook her head.

"I don't think I ever did," she admitted.

"But the saccharines *were* used?"

"Oh, yes. When there were only a few left in the box, I used to fill it up again."

"Would the rest of the household have known about the saccharines?"

"I expect so. We used to grumbled about never being allowed sugar."

"That's all," Colonel Chaplin said. "Right, Alice, take Stella away and give her a nice cup of tea. You've earned it, my dear."

"Then you don't think . . .?" the girl began.

"I am perfectly certain," the chief constable said, "that you didn't kill your aunt."

COLONEL CHAPLIN poured out two generous measures of Irish whisky.

"I was bogged down," he observed, "till my wife gave me a line to go on. You remember that note she sent me? Where's the blasted thing gone to? Here we are. '*I've just rung up Ida's grocer. She got half a pound of lump sugar each month.*' That set me thinking. What did she do with the stuff? Suppose she kept a cache hidden away in her room? Let's call her murderer X. Suppose X knew where this cache was. Easy enough to find, and easy enough to scoop the middle out of a lump of sugar and insert a small hyoscine tablet. Let's assume that X also discovered that she allowed herself one lump each evening in her cocoa —greed, you will note, tempered by avarice. Then it would have been simple enough to have calculated, say on Sunday, which lump she would drop into the jug on Tuesday. As you saw, the lumps were arranged in rows in that little drawer. Right. But if X had to prepare on Sunday for Ida's death on Tuesday, and if it was essential that that death should appear as a suicide, then there were some further snags. There would be a post-mortem and an inquest. The coroner would need some definite evidence—a note, say, written by the dead woman explaining why she was intending to take her life. X couldn't very well have persuaded Ida to write such a letter, and forging handwriting is a tricky business. But ringing round a few sentences in a book is quite another matter. Suppose X knew that there was a suitable 'suicide message' in a certain novel in Ida's possession and suppose, at the week-end, Ida was persuaded to begin re-reading that particular book. Remember, the passage in question doesn't occur until halfway through the sixth chapter and, knowing her reading habits, X would have been certain that Ida, if his plans worked out, would never reach the marked page."

The colonel sipped his drink.

"Go on, sir," the chief inspector urged.

"Really, you know, it was money for jam. On Sunday evening, wearing gloves, X would have ringed round the passage, using one of Ida's red pencils. Same with the tablets. All X had to do was to take one out, insert it into the appropriate lump of sugar and stuff the bottle down between the cushion and the chair seat where it wouldn't be found until someone conducted a proper search after the event."

"Let X equal Adrian Broome," the chief inspector put in. "He lays his plans on Sunday night after the old lady has gone to bed, hops back to London on Monday morning, and Miss Broome dies according to plan on Tuesday evening while he's entertaining a couple of friends to dinner in his flat, sixty miles away. My word, sir, it's ingenious. But what proof have we got?"

Colonel Chaplin tapped the cover of *April Showers*.

"You see," he went on, "Adrian was up against one difficulty. As you observed at the cottage, in the original text of *April Showers*, as Susan Bird wrote it and as Sole & Street printed it, there was no mention of the darling little dog. It was her darling little cat that Sylvia was thinking of taking with her. She was dotty about cats—I'd forgotten that interesting fact until I read that passage aloud to you to-day. And Adrian knew very well that his aunt always gave some of her sweetened cocoa to her peke and that if she died, the peke would die also. So, to make the message really convincing, 'dog' had to be substituted for 'cat.' My guess is that he had been planning this business for some time and that quite a while ago he extracted the copy of *April Showers* from his aunt's room, tore out page 98, wrote out the text of pages 97 and 98 in longhand, and took the book and the 'copy' for the missing pages up to London. Then all he had to do was to find a printer, spin him a yarn about a borrowed book and this page having had something spilled on it, give him the necessary information about matching paper and what type-face to use—technical questions that he would have understood, and 'Bob's your Uncle.' Look, here's Ida's copy. Page 98. D'you see a faint line down the inside margin? That's a join. Run your thumb down and you can feel it. It's what's known in the trade as a cancel page. You cut out the original page, leaving a narrow flange, and paste the new page on to the flange."

"And you spotted that, sir?"

The chief inspector's voice was extremely respectful.

"After my talk with the nice, communicative gentleman at Sole & Street's," the colonel said. "I asked him what a publisher did if he wanted to substitute a page in a book that had already been bound. The rest is up to you, Swanley. Mind, this is a guess, but I expect you'll find that Master Adrian is in some kind of a pickle. Mixed up with a woman, I daresay, and very short of money. Where we went wrong was in connecting Stella's row with her aunt on Monday with Ida's death on Tuesday. That was purely fortuitous. Certainly Adrian must have known there was this trouble brewing, and it suited his purpose admirably—'failure of trust in loved ones,' and so on. But he can't have known when the quarrel was going to break, and, to do him justice, I don't think it was his intention to implicate Stella. No, what Adrian *did* know, was that sooner or later his aunt would find out about his disreputable goings-on and would disinherit him. He was in desperate need of money—therefore Ida had to die quick, before she did find out. As I say, this is largely guesswork, but I think Stella's remark—'Adrian of *all* people' was a rather good pointer."

The chief inspector nodded.

"I expect you're right," he said. "I ought to be able to find the printer who did the job easily enough. There's one thing, though. Suppose Adrian did it himself?"

"The Octavo Press don't do their own printing," Colonel Chaplin said. "I asked my Sole & Street friend that very question."

"Think of everything, sir, don't you?" Chief Inspector Swanley observed. "I'm glad it wasn't that girl."

The colonel chuckled.

"I'm glad you feel like that," he said. "Keep your expensive copy of *April Showers*. Bit old fashioned, of course, but quite a good story."

END

Coffee And Cakes (*Continued from page* 53)

egg whites (yolks can be used for omelettes, mayonnaise, etc.). Line a cake tin with greased paper and fill with mixture. Bake for a good hour in moderate oven, Regulo 4 or 325° F. When cold, coat with chocolate icing. (This cake can be baked in a square baking tin and cut in fingers.)

SMALL PARISIAN CAKES

Ingredients: Cake.—2 eggs; 3 oz. sugar; 3 oz. flour; ½ glass sherry. **Meringue Icing.**—1 white of egg; 3 tablespoonfuls castor sugar; pinch of baking powder. **Apricot and raspberry jam.**

Break eggs into a bowl and beat 2 or 3 minutes. Beat in sugar for 5 minutes. Stand bowl over hot water and beat 10 minutes. Remove and mix in flour very lightly. Well grease sponge bun tins and dust with sugar and flour mixed. Three-quarter fill with mixture. Bake in moderate oven, Regulo 5 or 350° F. about 15 minutes. Leave in tins a few minutes. Turn out. When quite cold make two holes in top of each and pour in a little sherry. Prepare meringue by whisking egg white till stiff. Add sugar, a tablespoonful at a time, whisking stiff between each and adding baking powder with last spoonful. Spread on buns. Scoop away from the holes with handle of teaspoon. Bake at bottom of oven for 20 minutes or till set at Regulo 3 or 300° F. When cold fill one hole of each bun with apricot jam, the other with raspberry.

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Sauce For Fish

(*Continued from page* 53)

Ingredients: ½ pint green gooseberries; 2 oz. loaf sugar; 3 tablespoonfuls water.

Top and tail gooseberries. Put sugar and water in a pan. Heat gently, stirring till sugar has dissolved, bring to the boil and skim. Cook for 5 minutes; add fruit; simmer till tender. Put through coarse hair sieve. Reheat purée and serve.

PIQUANTE SAUCE

An excellent fillip to most boiled or steamed fish.

Ingredients: 4 shallots; 1 small carrot; 1 oz. minced bacon; 1 tablespoonful flour; 3 chopped gherkins; anchovy essence; 1 teaspoonful capers; 4 tablespoonfuls vinegar; ½ pint stock; 1½ oz. margarine; seasoning.

Method.—Mince shallots, carrot, capers; add bacon. Fry for a few minutes in margarine; add flour and brown. Add vinegar and stock. Season, simmer about 20 minutes. Skim and strain; add 12 drops anchovy essence and gherkins. Simmer 10 minutes.

WHITE WINE SAUCE

Excellent for the special occasion to serve with trout, salmon, sole, whiting, turbot, etc.

Ingredients: about ½ pint white stock or milk; ½ gill white wine; squeeze of lemon juice; 2 egg yolks—seasoning—level tablespoonful flour; a little fish liquor; 2 oz. margarine.

Add a chopped onion and a tablespoonful chopped parsley to water in which fish is cooked and reserve a little of this liquor, strained, to blend with sauce.

Melt 1 oz. margarine in a pan; stir in flour; cook a minute or two; mix in a little milk, liquor, and the wine, stirring smoothly. Cook about 12 minutes, stirring continuously and adding rest of margarine and a little more milk and liquor as needed. Season. Remove from heat. Beat in egg yolks one at a time and add lemon juice, a few drops at a time. Reheat without boiling; cook 2 or 3 minutes and serve.

VICTORIA SAUCE

A good accompaniment for fish salads and cold fish.

Ingredients: 1 gill mayonnaise; ½ lemon; ½ teaspoonful sugar; seasoning; 1 pickled gherkin; 1 tablespoonful shelled shrimps; 1 tablespoonful top of the milk; cochineal.

Mix in a little cochineal into the mayonnaise to colour pale pink. Stir in lemon, drop by drop (for fear of curdling), sugar, gherkin—very finely chopped—and shrimps, season well. Just before serving stir in milk.

END

How Good Is Your Dress Sense?

(*Continued from page* 43)

1. Relationship with your wardrobe. Personal social needs, current fashion.
2. Hat, blouse, gloves only. Blue handbag and shoes.
3. Small brim or none.
4. The sallow and dark skinned are far from "safe" in black.
5. No.
6. Suitability to personal colouring: relationship to existing accessories and garments. Adaptability to current needs.
7. No. Indeterminates must beware of strong tones. Colours should enhance natural colouring, not submerge it.
8. No. Severe lines tend to highlight angularity. Soft lines without fussiness conceal it.
9. Neither. A case for compromise.
10. The most individually becoming to height and figure proportions with *concessions* to fashion.
11. Individual taste.
12. Number one only.
13. Less costly jewellery.
14. Answer should be Yes.
15. Visualize the finished effect on yourself.
16. Old coat, new hat and accessories.
17. One-colour wardrobe with alternating accessories.

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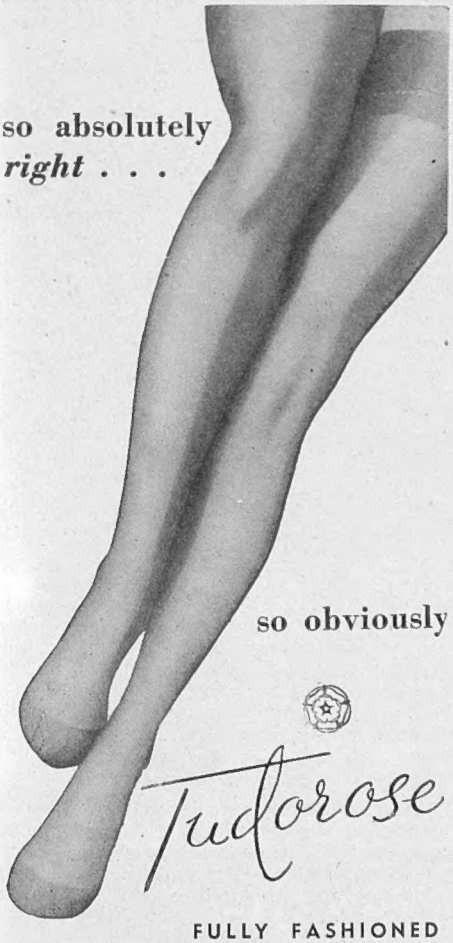

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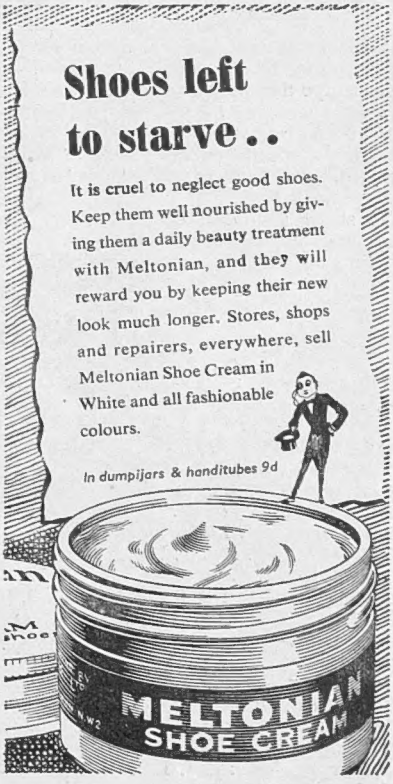

Books (*Continued from page 30*)

written, documented life of Edmund who rocketed from poverty to fame as Shylock, "wooed beauty and courted vulgarity . . . displayed arrogance and simplicity, swagger and charm, coarse anger and sweet gentleness, who had two personalities which were seemingly irreconcilable," and ended tragically in the snare of a young trull.

WE have long needed a well-written book on the cultural side of Swiss life to supplement the scenic splendours of the usual guide. John Russell's **"Switzerland"** (Batsford, 15s.) helps one to understand country and people both above and below tourist level, and has the usual Batsford pictorial enrichment.

THE cultural side is also prominent in **"Italy"** (McGraw-Hill, 30s.) edited by Doré Ogrizek, with 225 exquisite full-colour illustrations, both classic and modern, and many drawings. The modern plates and pictorial maps are a joy.

IN **"Country Magazine"** (Odhams, 10s. 6d.) Francis Dillon compiles and edits selections from this popular B.B.C. feature, classified under group subjects. Among others, we meet again the Cornishman who swore he'd seen a mermaid off Pentyre Point—and it was no seal, either. "I knows a seal when I see un."

THERE have been many novels of stage life since Somerset Maugham's "Theatre" —Elmer Rice's **"The Show Must Go On"** (Gollancz, 12s. 6d.) ranks with the best, for this U.S. playwright knows his background intimately and carries us buoyantly through the story of Claire Weir and Leroy Thompson who take over a disused New York theatre and take up a new young dramatist, with shattering effect on both the love and the business they share. The love scenes leave little unsaid or undepicted !

NO one needs telling that Violet Trefusis can write a scintillatingly sophisticated novel about people as fantastic as Norman Douglas's in "South Wind." Her **"Pirates at Play"** (Michael Joseph, 9s. 6d.) are a polyglot group—including an English peer and Spanish princess—in Florence ; and a rare social comedy she makes of their love and other complications, with a background not just drawn but richly bejewelled.

ALL we lacked so far in C. S. Forester's Hornblower saga were the gun room days before he became lieutenant. **"Mr. Midshipman Hornblower"** (Michael Joseph, 9s. 6d.) fills the gap with sea-sickness, a duel, command of a prize-ship, capture by a French privateer, escape by setting fire to it, imprisonment in a Spanish jail, and other exploits worthy of so honoured a hero. There is no flagging in the pace Hornblower addicts expect—nor in the bracingly nautical detail.

IN **"The King's Wife"** (Hutchinson, 9s. 6d.) Ursula Bloom simplifies Jane Seymour's story down to the country girl plucked to high office who didn't want to be queen but became the one wife he really loved. There are no psychological subtleties. Henry VIII was an "attractive man" who had been "flighty." When Anne Boleyn bore him a daughter his "florid, pinky face had turned to an ashy shade of lead." A pageant more than a study, easy on the eye.

OTHER books recommended to the attention of readers include :

NOVELS

Five new books for thriller fans. **"Death Steals the Show,"** by John Bude (Macdonald, 8s. 6d.) is a fast-moving mystery set against an authentic theatrical background ; **"The Long Escape,"** by David Dodge (Michael Joseph, 8s. 6d.) begins with a letter inviting Al Colby, investigator, to look into the disappearance of one Robert R. Parker and keeps up suspense to the end ; **"Lady Afraid,"** by Lester Dent (Cassell, 8s. 6d.) is a thriller with a nautical flavour ; **"The Enemy Within,"** is another "Department Z" story of spying and intrigue by John Creasey (Evans Brothers, 8s. 6d.) ; **"The Efford Tangle,"** by George Goodchild (Rich and Cowan, 10s. 6d.) is yet another page from the case book of the fabulous Detective Maclean. Those who enjoy historical romances will want to read Max Peacock's latest book **"Men of Wrath"** (Allen Wingate, 8s. 6d.) set in the time of Charles the Second's glittering court and the Puritan plot against the King's life ; **"Nightwood,"** the remarkable novel of the life of deracinated Americans and Europeans in Paris in the 1920s by Djuna Barnes (Faber, 12s. 6d.) has been reprinted with a preface by T. S. Eliot.

MISCELLANEOUS

"Practical Homecraft," by Heather Barrie (Thorsons, 5s.) offers a great deal of sensible and practical advice covering every aspect of household management. Two excellent books on plant growing, **"The Propagation of Alpines,"** by Lawrence D. Hills (Faber, 25s.) and **"The Cactus Grower's Guide,"** by Vera Higgins, containing practical instructions on the cultivation and propagation of these increasingly popular plants (Latimer House, 7s. 6d.). In **"Horse and Pencil,"** John Board discourses on every aspect of sport in which the horse is indispensable, illustrated by his own pencil sketches (Christopher Johnson, 21s.). Two further books in the Faber Gallery Series (Faber, 8s. 6d. each) are **"Impressionist Paintings,"** with an introduction and notes by Elizabeth Rothenstein and excellent colour plates of pictures by the leading French impressionists, and **"Titian"** with introduction and notes by James Laver and colour plates representative of Titian's early, middle and late works. **"Byzantine Painting,"** with introduction and notes by Gervase Mathew (Faber, 8s. 6d.) is one of the first titles in a new series, the Faber Gallery of Oriental art, which sets out to do for Oriental art what the Faber Gallery books do for the great masters and schools of Europe. **"A Daughter of the Samurai,"** a reprint of the well-known book by Etsu Inagaki Sugimoto (Hurst & Blackett, 12s. 6d.)

END

Berry Stitch Sweater (*Continued from page 44*)

18½ ins. from cast-on edge, measured on the straight and finishing after a p. row.

To shape neck patt. across 38, take 2 tog., put next (centre) 14 sts. on safety-pin for front neck, turn, and dec. 1 st. at neck edge on every row until 30 sts. remain. Continue straight until front is 1 in. longer than back, then :

To shape shoulders cast off 10 on next 3 alternate rows at armhole edge.

Join wool to neck edge of remaining 40 sts., take 2 tog., patt. to end and work up this side to match the first, with all shaping at opposite edges.

TO COMPLETE

Pin out to desired size and press lightly with a hot iron and damp cloth, omitting the ribbing. Join right shoulder seams and press. Holding work right side towards you, with No. 12 needles pick up and k. 30 round left front neck, 14 from front neck, 30 round right neck to seam, and 34 from back neck. Change to k. 1, p. 1, rib for 1 in. Cast off in rib, and either sew up left shoulder seam or arrange for press-stud fastening after crocheting round opening.

Holding work right side towards you, with No. 12 needles pick up and k. 128 sts. round each armhole in turn ; work 1 in. in k. 1, p. 1 rib ; cast off in rib, and sew up side seams. Press seams.

END

Twenty Rows Of Pattern (*Continued from page 44*)

7th row.—K. : L.4, D.1, * D.1, L.5, D.1, L.4, D.1 ; rep. from * to end.

8th row.—P. : * L.2, D.3, L.4, D.3 ; rep. from * to last 5, L.2, D.3.

9th row.—K. : L.4, D.1, * D.5, L.6, D.1 ; rep. from * to end.

10th row.—P. in D.

11th row.—K. in L.

12th row.—P. : * L.1, D.6, L.5 ; rep. from * to last 5, L.1, D.4.

13th row.—K. : L.3, D.2, * L. 3, D.4, L.3, D.2 ; rep. from * to end.

14th row.—P. : * L.1, D.4, L.1, D.5, L.1 rep. from * to last 5, L.1, D.4.

15th row.—K. : D.2, L.3, * D.5, L.1, D.3, L.3 ; rep. from * to end.

16th row.—P. : * L.4, D.3, L.2, D.3; rep. from * to last 5, L.4, D.1.

17th row.—K. : D.1, L.2, D.2, * D.1, L.2, D.5, L.2, D.2 ; rep. from * to end.

18th row.—P. : * D.2, L.4, D.5, L.1 ; rep. from * to last 5, D.2, L.3.

19th row.—K. : D.5, * D.5, L.2, D.5 ; rep. from * to end.

20th row.—P. : * D.3, L.6, D.3 ; rep. from * to last 5, D.3, L.2.

Break off d. and change to No. 10 needles and continue in all L. st.st. until work measures 20 ins. from the cast-on edge, then shape shoulders by casting off 8 sts. at the beg. of the next 8 rows.

Cast off remaining sts.

Work front as back until work measures 18 ins. from the cast-on edge, then shape neck thus : (Right side of work) K. 35, cast off 31, k. 35.

Continue in st.st. dec. at neck edge on the next 3 rows (32 sts.). Continue straight until work measures 20 ins. from the cast-on edge, then shape shoulder by casting off 8 sts. at the beg. of the next 4 rows, starting at armhole edge. Rejoin wool at remaining sts. and work other shoulder to match.

Join right shoulder. Now, holding the right side of work towards you and using No. 13 needles and L., pick up and k. 110 sts. round neck for neck border. Work in garter st. for 8 rows. Cast off loosely.

Using No. 10 needles and L., cast on 80 sts. and work in st.st. inc. at each end of every 4th row until 96 sts. are on needle. Continue straight until work measures 4½ ins. from the cast-on edge, then shape top of sleeve by dec. at each end of every alternate row until 60 sts. remain. Now dec. at each end of every row until 24 sts. remain. Cast off. Work another sleeve to match.

Press all parts except ribbing. Join seams and insert sleeves. Work 1 row of double crochet along open shoulder and fasten same with press studs. Turn in 1 in. at bottom of sleeves, and slip stitch to back of garment to form a hem.

END

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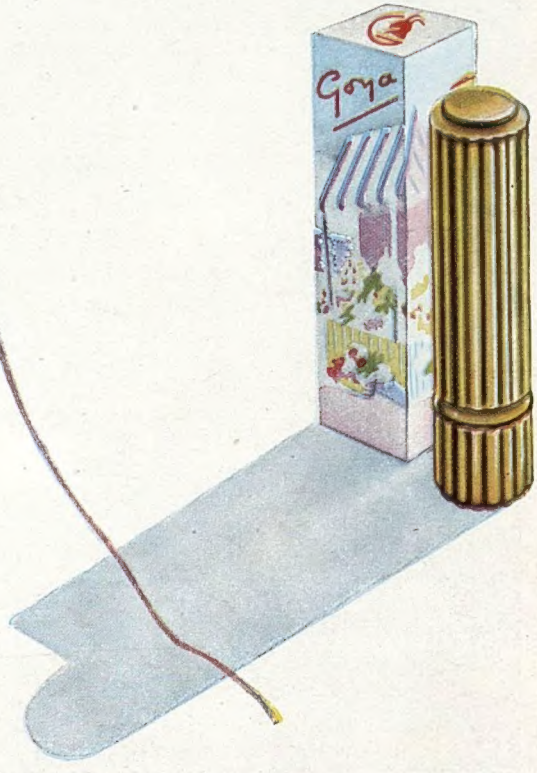

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